

A Book of ENGLISH PROSE

Edited by

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PREFACE

AN attempt has been made in this volume to furnish the student of the Intermediate Classes in India with good passages of English prose representing different kinds of composition. In addition to the usual type of reflective essay generally found in volumes of the kind, there are descriptive and expository passages adding to the variety of style and treatment.

The passages also range, in point of time, from the early part of the nineteenth century to our own day. While the classical essayists are there—authors who must necessarily find a place in any course of English prose—there are also representative specimens from the work of more recent writers. The student should thus be able to appreciate not merely the richness and variety of English prose, but also its perennial vitality and power of growth.

A special feature of these selections is the inclusion of a few cultural and moral pieces which should help in the formation of good mental habits and character. Care has been taken, at the same time, to avoid dry essays of a purely sermonising type devoid of interest to the young mind.

It is hoped that the introduction into this volume of pieces on Indian subjects will be widely welcomed. While the great triumphs of English literature should naturally be associated with the life and civilization of the mother country, it is somewhat of a disadvantage to the young student in India that he should practically be confined in reading English literature to a foreign background and atmosphere. The Indian interest of some of the essays in this volume should

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therefore present a new world of possibilities in the study and practice of English literature.

A word of apology is probably due for the inclusion of three translated pieces in the selections. The piece from Pierre Loti's *India* has been included for its charming description of an Indian scene which must appeal to the student. It has also been thought desirable to enable the Indian student to read the speech of Pericles over those fallen in the war, at least in a translation, if not in the original of Thucydides, in view of the lofty ideals of citizenship breathed in the famous utterance. Plutarch's eminence as a biographer is the excuse for the inclusion of an extract from his *Julius Caesar*.

Only a few necessary notes have been added at the end, as it is not intended that the student should depend entirely on them, and it is desirable to encourage some effort on his part to seek at least the information within his easy reach.

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Benares,
September, 1926.

P. SESHADRI.

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THE CONVALESCENT

(CHARLES LAMB)

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, Reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the law to him.

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He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hears not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago, he was greatly concerned in the event of a lawsuit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word 'friend,' and the word 'ruin,' disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be

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removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call; and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up and down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him: he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking 'Who was

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it?' He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious going in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence-chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is made every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to make it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—

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so much more awful while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre.—

What a speck is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra-firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. *In Articulo Mortis*, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty business of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres,

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which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure, of your insignificant Essayist.

—*The Essays of Elia.*

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THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

(WILLIAM HAZLITT)

COMING forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever anxious application up to manhood can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. O Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways are past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to little account!—To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's-breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion to time, would be fatal: the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again, to make

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them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres, to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors, to throw them behind his back and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents, to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable, to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty once mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on his toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved by themselves. The hearing a speech in Parliament, drawled or stammered out by the

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Honourable Member or the Noble Lord, the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which any one could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself; but the seeing the Indian jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument, in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark, and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do, I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions, and polish my periods: but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing: yet with a good deal of pains and practice it is often as much as I can do to beat my man; though he may be an indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce this effect, but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. ¶ There

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is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

—*Table Talk.*

FROM PLUTARCH'S CAESAR

(R. W. LIVINGSTONE)

THIS turned the thoughts of men to Marcus Brutus, who was supposed to be descended from the tyrannicide Brutus. But the honours and favours which he had received from Caesar blunted any personal instincts to overthrow the monarchy. Not only had he been himself pardoned after Pompey's defeat at Pharsalia, and by his intercessions saved the lives of many of his friends, but he was greatly trusted by Caesar. When the conspiracy was in being and some declared that Brutus was involved, Caesar refused to listen and, touching his body said to the accusers, 'Brutus is waiting for my skin,' implying that the qualities of Brutus fitted him for Caesar's position, but that he would not show himself base and ungrateful to win it. Those who desired a change and regarded Brutus as the only or the best man to effect it, did not dare to suggest it to him personally, but filled his chair of office with letters, mostly to such purport as 'You are sleeping, Brutus' and 'You are not Brutus.' Noticing that these produced some stirrings of ambition, Cassius pressed and urged him more than before. He had private reasons for hating Caesar. But Caesar suspected him and used to say to his friends: 'What do you think of Cassius's intentions? I don't like him, he is so pale.' Again, when Dolabella and Antony were accused to him of plotting, he said: 'I am not afraid of these fat, long-haired fellows, but of those pale, thin men,' referring to Cassius and Brutus.

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It seems that we may foreknow destiny, though we cannot escape it, for they say that strange sights and signs were seen. In so momentous a tragedy it is not perhaps worth mentioning lights in the sky, wandering noises at night, and solitary birds settling in the Forum. The philosopher Strabo relates that men on fire were seen in the streets; that a great flame proceeded to the bystanders to be in a blaze, without being any the worse when it was extinguished; that when Caesar was sacrificing, the victim's heart could not be found—an ominous portent, for no animal could exist without a heart. One finds in many authorities that a seer warned him to beware of a great danger on the 15th of March, called by the Romans the Ides; when the day came Caesar greeted the seer on his way to the senate and said mockingly: 'The Ides of March are come.' 'Yes,' replied the prophet quietly, 'they are come, but they are not past.' The day before, he was dining with Marcus Lepidus, and as was his habit, was signing some letters at table; the conversation turned on the question, which was the best kind of death, when Caesar, before any one could speak, exclaimed, 'An unexpected one.'

Afterwards when he was in bed, as usual, with his wife Calpurnia, all the doors and windows of the house flew open at once. The noise disturbed him, and by the light of the moon he saw his wife in a deep sleep and heard her mutter indistinct words and inarticulate groans. She fancied she was holding his murdered body in her arms and weeping over him. When it was day, she implored Caesar, if possible, not to go out but to adjourn the meeting of the senate: or, if he disregarded her dreams, to inquire about the future by sacrifices and other means. Even Caesar had some apprehensions and fears, for he had never previously known Calpurnia a victim to female superstitions, and he now saw her greatly agitated: so that when the priests had repeatedly sacrificed and

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reported the omen as unfavourable, he decided to send Antony to dismiss the senate.

On this Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Caesar had such confidence as to have made him his second heir, but who was in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius, afraid that a day's delay might result in the truth becoming known, laughed at the seers and warned Caesar that he was exposing himself to criticism and to a charge of treating the senate in cavalier fashion. They had met by his instructions and were ready to vote unanimously that he should be declared king of all the provinces outside Italy and be allowed to wear a crown anywhere but in Italy. If he told them to adjourn their sitting for the present and meet again when Calpurnia had better dreams, what would his detractors say, and who would listen to his friends, when they argued that his behaviour was not arbitrary and tyrannical? If he was determined to declare it a *non-dies*, it would be better for him to appear in person and to adjourn the senate after addressing it. With these words Brutus took Caesar's arm and led him out. He had only gone a short way from his house when a strange slave tried to get word with him. Prevented by the thronging crowd round Caesar, he forced his way into the house and put himself in Calpurnia's hands, begging her to keep him till Caesar returned, for he had an important message to him.

Artemidorus of Cnidus, a Greek professor, whose occupation had made him intimate with some of Brutus's circle so that he knew most of what was going on, came with the information he intended to give in writing. He saw that Caesar took any petitions and handed them to his attendants, so coming very near, he said: 'Read this, Caesar, alone and at once, for it deals with a matter of serious importance to you.'

Caesar took the paper and tried several times to

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read it, but was prevented by the crowds that pressed to speak to him. He kept it in his hand and it was the only paper he had when he entered the senate.

All these things might happen accidentally. But we see the guiding and ordaining finger of God in the place in which the senate met that day and in which the struggle and the murder took place. It was one of the buildings which Pompey raised and dedicated along with his theatre, and a statue of Pompey stood there. They say that Cassius before the act turned his eyes to this statue and silently invoked it; he was inclined to the doctrines of Epicurus, but the hour and the imminence of danger inspired him with emotions that made him forget his theories. Antony who was a powerful man and loyal to Caesar was kept out of the way by Brutus Albinus, who purposely arranged a long interview with him. When Caesar entered, the senate rose out of respect for him. Some of Brutus's confederates took up their position behind his chair; others went towards him as though to support Tillius Cimber's petition on behalf of his exiled brother, and followed Tillius to Caesar's seat. Caesar sat down and waved their petitions away. They became more vehement in their requests and he showed annoyance, till Tillius seized his robe with both hands and began to pull it off his neck. This was the signal for the attack.

Casca gave him the first blow, striking him in the neck. He was naturally nervous at the opening of their great venture, and the wound was a slight one and not mortal. Caesar turned, and seizing the dagger held it, at the same time crying out in Latin, 'Miserable Casca, what are you doing?' while his murderer shouted in Greek, 'Brother, help.' So the murder began. Those who were not in the conspiracy were too horrified and panic-stricken at what they saw either to run away or to help, and did not even venture to cry out. The conspirators all drew their

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naked daggers and Caesar found himself surrounded. Wherever he turned, he met blows, saw steel levelled at his face and eyes, and found himself driven like a wild beast and penned in by all their hands. It had been agreed that each of them should draw blood and flesh their swords, and that is why Brutus dealt him a single blow, striking him in the groin. Some say that he fought the others, twisting this way and that and shouting, but that when he saw the sword of Brutus drawn, he pulled his robe over his face and threw himself down by the base of Pompey's statue, either by accident or because his murderers pushed him there. It was drenched with his blood, and men thought that Pompey presided in vengeance over the death of his enemy, who lay at his feet and gasped his life out from a multitude of wounds. He is said to have received twenty-three: and many of his murderers wounded each other as they rained their blows on his body.

—*The Legacy of Greece.*

THE COUNTRY

(LEIGH HUNT)

WE have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery which, though partially disclosed by former travellers, has still remained, for the most part, a strange secret. It is this;—that there is actually, at this present moment, and in this our own beautiful country of Great Britain, a large tract of territory, which to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our beloved countrymen is as much an undiscovered land as the other end of New South Wales, or the Pole which they have gone to find out. We have read of places in romance which were more shut out by magic from people's eyes, though close to them, than if a fifty-foot wall encircled them. It would seem as if some such supernatural prohibition existed with regard to the land in question; for the extremities of it reach to within a short distance from the metropolis, which it surrounds on all sides; nay, we have heard of persons riding through it, without seeing anything but a signpost or some corn; and yet it is so beautiful, that it is called emphatically 'The Country.'

It abounds in the finest natural productions. The more majestic parts of it are at a distance; but the zealous explorer may come upon its gentler beauties in an incredibly short time. Its pastures and cattle are admirable. Deer are to be met with in the course of half a day's journey; and the traveller is accompanied, wherever he goes, with the music of singing birds. Immediately towards the south is a

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noble river, which brings you to an upland of the most luxuriant description, looking in the water like a rich-haired beauty in her glass: yet the place is in general solitary. Towards the north, at a less distance, are some other hilly spots of ground, which partake more of the rudely romantic, running however into scenes of the like sylvan elegance; and yet these are still more solitary. The inhabitants of these lands, called the Country-People, seem, in truth, pretty nearly as blind to their merits as those who never see them; but their perceptions will doubtless increase in proportion as their polished neighbours set the example. It should be said for them that some causes, with which we have nothing to do in this place, have rendered them duller to such impressions than they appear to have been a century or two ago; but we repeat, that they will not live in such scenes to no purpose, if those who know better take an interest in their improvement. Their children have an instinct that is wiser, till domestic cares do it away. They may be seen in the fields and green lanes, with their curly locks and brown faces, gathering the flowers which abound there, and the names of which are as pretty as the shapes and colours. They are called wild roses, primroses, violets, the rose campion, germander, stellaria, wild anemone, bird's-eye, daisies and buttercups, lady-smocks, ground-ivy, etc., etc. The trees are oaks, elms, birches, ash, poplar, willow, wild cherry, the flowering may-bush, etc., etc., all, in short, that we dote upon in pictures, and wish that we had about us when it is hot in Cheapside and Bond Street. It is perfectly transporting, in fine weather, like the present for instance, to lounge under the hedgerow elms in one of these sylvan places, and see the light smoke of the cottages fuming up among the green trees, the cattle grazing or lying about, 'painted jays' glancing about the glens, the gentle hills sloping down into

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the water, the winding embowered lanes, the leafy and flowery banks, the green oaks against the blue sky, their ivied trunks, the silver-bodied and young-haired birches, and the mossy grass treble-carpeted after the vernal rains. Transporting is it to see all this; and transporting to hear the linnets, thrushes, and blackbirds, the grave gladness of the bee, and the stock-dove 'brooding over her own sweet voice.' And more transporting than all is it to be in such places with a friend that feels like ourselves, in whose heart and eyes (especially if they have fair lids) we may see all our own happiness doubled, as the landscape itself is reflected in the waters.

—*The Indicator.*

WORDSWORTH'S HOUSEHOLD

(THOMAS DE QUINCEY)

NEVER before or since can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature that is born of woman, excepting only, for once or twice in my life, woman herself. Now, however, I *did* tremble; and I forgot, what in no other circumstances I could have forgotten, to stop for the coming up of the chaise, that I might be ready to hand Mrs. Coleridge out. Had Charlemagne and all his peerage been behind me, or Caesar and his equipage, or Death on his pale horse, I should have forgotten them at that moment of intense expectation, and of eyes fascinated to what lay before me, or what might in a moment appear.

Through the little gate I pressed forward; ten steps beyond it lay the principal door of the house. To this, no longer clearly conscious of my own feelings, I pressed on rapidly: I heard a step, a voice, and like a flash of lightning, I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand and saluted me with most cordial expressions of welcome. The chaise, however, drawing up to the gate at that moment, he (and there needed no Roman nomenclator to tell me that this *he* was Wordsworth) felt himself summoned to advance and receive Mrs. Coleridge. I therefore, stunned almost with the actual accomplishment of a catastrophe so long anticipated, and so long postponed, mechanically went forward into the house.

A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscotted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was; a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes, embowered, at almost every season of the year with roses; and in the summer and autumn, with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs.

From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. However, I saw sufficiently to be aware of two ladies just entering the room through a doorway opening upon a little staircase. The foremost, a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner.

This was Mrs. Wordsworth, cousin of the poet; and for the last five years or more, his wife. She was now mother of two children, a son and a daughter; and she furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect, and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. *Words*, I was going to have added; but her words were few. In reality, she talked so little, that Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson used to allege against her that she could only say ‘God bless you!’

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Certainly, her intellect was not of an active order; but in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts; and it would have been strange indeed, if she, who enjoyed such eminent advantages of training, from the daily society of her husband and his sister, failed to acquire some power of judging for herself, and putting forth some functions of activity.

But undoubtedly that was not her element: to feel and to enjoy in a luxurious repose of mind—there was her forte and her peculiar privilege; and how much better this was adapted to her husband's taste, how much more adapted to uphold the comfort of his daily life, than a blue-stocking loquacity, or even a legitimate talent for discussion, may be inferred from his verses, beginning,—

She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight.

Once for all, these exquisite lines were dedicated to Mrs. Wordsworth; were understood to describe her—to have been prompted by the feminine graces of her character; hers they are, and will remain for ever. To these, therefore, I may refer the reader for an idea of what was most important in the partner and second-self of the poet.

And I will add to this abstract of her moral portrait, these few concluding traits of her appearance in a physical sense. Her figure was tolerably good. In complexion she was fair, and there was something peculiarly pleasing even in this accident of the skin, for it was accompanied by an animated expression of health, a blessing which, in fact, she possessed uninterruptedly. Her eyes, the reader may already know, were—

Like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn.

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Yet strange it is to tell that, in these eyes of vespertine gentleness, there was a considerable obliquity of vision; and much beyond that slight obliquity which is often supposed to be an attractive foible in the countenance: this ought to have been displeasing or repulsive; yet, in fact, it was not. Indeed all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her countenance, concurred, namely, a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness—such as in this world I never saw surpassed.

Immediately behind her moved a lady, shorter, slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. 'Her face was of Egyptian brown'; rarely, in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion.

Her manner was warm and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her which, being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness, and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times, the self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer, and so determinately to stammer, that a stranger who should have seen her and quitted her in that state of feeling, would have certainly set her down

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for one plagued with that infirmity of speech as distressingly as Charles Lamb himself.

⑧ This was Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet—his 'Dorothy'; who naturally owed so much to the lifelong intercourse with her great brother, in his most solitary and sequestered years; but, on the other hand, to whom he has acknowledged obligations of the profoundest nature; and in particular, this mighty one, through which we also, admirers and the worshippers of this great poet, are become equally her debtors—that, whereas the intellect of Wordsworth was, by its original tendency, too stern, too austere, too much enamoured of an ascetic harsh sublimity, she it was—the lady who paced by his side continually through sylvan and mountain tracts, in Highland glens, and in the dim recesses of German charcoal-burners—that first coached his eye to the sense of beauty, humanized him by the gentler charities, and engrafted, with her delicate female touch, those graces upon the ruder growths of nature, which have since clothed the forest of his genius with a foliage corresponding in loveliness and beauty to the strength of its boughs and the massiveness of its trunks. *

Miss Wordsworth did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But, on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually; and in addition to the other great services which she rendered to her brother, this I may mention, as greater than all the rest, and it was one which equally operated to the benefit of every casual companion in a walk—namely, the exceeding sympathy, always ready and always profound, by which she made all that one could tell her, all that one could describe, all that one could quote from a foreign author, reverberate to one's own feelings, by the manifest impression it made upon hers.

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The pulses of light are not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart.

Such were the two ladies, who, with himself and two children, and at that time one servant, composed the poet's household. They were both, I believe, about twenty-eight years old; and, if the reader inquires about the single point which I have left untouched in their portraiture—namely, the style of their manners—I may say that it was, in some points, naturally of a plain household simplicity, but every way pleasing, unaffected, and (as respects Mrs. Wordsworth) even dignified.

—*Reminiscences of English Lake Poets.*

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

(THOMAS CARLYLE)

ALL work is noble; work is alone noble. There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it.—'Know thyself': long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work,' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself just ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man:

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but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is 'burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flames!

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually, from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labour is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge,' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven: Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler Calculations, Newton Meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up

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to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone, surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind.

There is one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable: that of Praying (as the old monks did withal) by Working. And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same,—What was it ever good for? 'Work is worship': yes, in a highly considerable sense,—which, in the present state of all 'worship' who is there that can unfold? He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future; the last Evangel, which has included all others. Its Cathedral the Dome of Immensity,—hast thou seen it? Coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant Sons of Men. Its choir-music the ancient winds and oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History,—supernal ever as of old.

—*Past and Present.*

FROM THE HOLLY-TREE

(CHARLES DICKENS)

I HAVE kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody ever does suppose it, nobody ever did suppose it, but I am naturally a bashful man. This is the secret which I have never breathed until now.

I might greatly move the reader by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, the innumerable people I have not called upon or received, the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am by original constitution and character a bashful man. But I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object before me.

That object is to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertainment for man and beast I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted for ever from Angela Leath, whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. From our school-days I had freely admitted Edwin, in my own mind, to be far superior to myself; and, though I was grievously wounded at heart, I felt the preference to be natural, and tried to forgive them both. It was under these circumstances that I resolved to go to America--on my way to the Devil.

Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgive-

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ness, which the steam-tender for shore should carry to the post when I myself should be bound for the New World, far beyond recall,—I say, locking up my grief in my own breast, and consoling myself as I could with the prospect of being generous, I quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

The dead winter-time was in full dreariness when I left my chambers for ever, at five o'clock in the morning. I had shaved by candle light, of course, and was miserably cold, and experienced that general all-pervading sensation of getting up to be hanged which I have usually found inseparable from untimely rising under such circumstances.

How well I remember the forlorn aspect of Fleet-street when I came out of the Temple! The street-lamps flickering in the gusty north-east wind, as if the very gas were contorted with cold; the white-topped houses; the bleak, star-lighted sky; the market people and other early stragglers, trotting to circulate their almost frozen blood; the hospitable light and warmth of the few coffee-shops and public-houses that were open for such customers; the hard, dry, frosty rime with which the air was charged (the wind had already beaten it into every crevice), and which lashed my face like a steel whip.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The Post-office packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month, and I had the intervening time on my hands. I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot (which I need not name) on the farther borders of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a farmhouse in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry leave of it before my expatriation. I ought to explain, that, to avoid being sought

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out before my resolution should have been rendered irrevocable by being carried into full effect, I had written to Angela overnight, in my usual manner, lamenting that urgent business, of which she should know all particulars by-and-by—took me unexpectedly away from her for a week or ten days.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stage-coaches; which I occasionally find myself, in common with some other people, affecting to lament now, but which everybody dreaded as a very serious penance then. I had secured the box-seat on the fastest of these, and my business in Fleet-street was to get into a cab with my portmanteau, so to make the best of my way to the Peacock at Islington, where I was to join this coach. But when one of our Temple watchmen, who carried my portmanteau into Fleet-street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in the night, and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, whether the box-seat would not be likely to put a sudden and frosty end to my unhappiness. I was heart-broken, it is true, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen to death.

When I got up to the Peacock,—where I found everybody drinking hot purl, in self-preservation,—I asked if there were an inside seat to spare. I then discovered that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well. However, I took a little purl (which I found uncommonly good), and got into the coach. When I was seated, they built me up with straw to the waist, and, conscious of making a rather ridiculous appearance, I began my journey.

It was still dark when we left the Peacock. For a

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little while, pale, uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and gray. The roads, the trees, thatched roofs of cottages and homesteads, the ricks in farmers' yards. Out-door work was abandoned, horse-troughs at roadside inns were frozen hard, no stragglers lounged about, doors were close shut, little turnpike houses had blazing fires inside, and children (even turnpike people have children, and seem to like them) rubbed the frost from the little panes of glass with their chubby arms, that their bright eyes might catch a glimpse of the solitary coach going by. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but I know that we were changing horses somewhere when I heard the guard remark, 'That the old lady up in the sky was picking her geese pretty hard to-day.' Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out, as a lonely traveller does. I was warm and valiant after eating and drinking,—particularly after dinner; cold and depressed at all other times. I was always bewildered as to time and place, and always more or less out of my senses. The coach and horses seemed to execute in chorus Auld Lang Syne, without a moment's intermission. They kept the time and tune with the greatest regularity, and rose into the swell at the beginning of the Refrain, with a precision that worried me to death. While we changed horses, the guard and coachman went stumping up and down the road, printing off their shoes in the snow, and poured so much liquid consolation into themselves without being any the worse for it, that I began to

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confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places, and we got them up,—which was the pleasant variety *I* had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing. All night long we went on in this manner. Thus we came round the clock, upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Auld Lang Syne all day again. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

I forget now where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but I know that we were scores of miles behindhand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one; instead of having fences and hedge-rows to guide us, we went crunching on over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sink beneath us at any moment and drop us down a whole hillside. Still the coachman and guard—who kept together on the box, always in council, and looking well about them—made out the track with astonishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, it looked, to my fancy, like a large drawing on a slate, with abundance of slate-pencil expended on the churches and houses where the snow lay thickest. When we came within a town, and found the church clocks all stopped, the dial-faces choked with snow, and the inn-signs blotted out, it seemed as if the whole place were overgrown with white moss. As to the coach, it was a mere snowball; similarly, the men and boys who ran along beside us to the town's end, turning our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us was a snowy Sahara. One would have thought this enough: notwithstanding—

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ing which, I pledge my word that it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing, out of towns and villages, but the track of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute, 'What Inn is this?'

'The Holly-Tree, Sir,' said he.

'Upon my word, I believe,' said I, apologetically, to the guard and coachman, 'that I must stop here.'

Now the landlord, and the landlady, and the ostler, and the postboy, and all the stable authorities, had already asked the coachman, to the wide-eyed interest of all the rest of the establishment, if he meant to go on. The coachman had already replied, 'Yes, he'd take her through it,'—meaning by Her the coach,—'if so be as George would stand by him.' George was the guard, and he had already sworn that he *would* stand by him. So the helpers were already getting the horses out.

My declaring myself beaten, after this parley, was not an announcement without preparation. Indeed, but for the way to the announcement being smoothed by the parley, I more than doubt whether, as an infinitely bashful man, I should have had the confidence to make it. As it was, it received the approval even of the guard and coachman. Therefore, with many confirmations of my inclining, and many remarks from one bystander to another, that the gentleman could go for'ard by the mail to-morrow, whereas to-night he would only be froze, and where

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was the good of a gentleman being froze,—ah, let alone buried alive (which latter clause was added by a humorous helper as a joke at my expense, and was extremely well received), I saw my portmanteau got out stiff, like a frozen body; did the handsome thing by the guard and coachman; wished them good-night and a prosperous journey; and, a little ashamed of myself, after all, for leaving them to fight it out alone, followed the landlord, landlady, and waiter of the Holly-Tree upstairs.

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark red curtains that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose) engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me roasting whole before an immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase at the end of a long gallery; and nobody knows what a misery this is to a bashful man who would rather not meet people on the stairs. It was the grimmest room I have ever had the nightmare in; and all the furniture, from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull; if I stuck to my armchair, the fire scorched me to the colour of a new brick. The chimneypiece was very high, and there was a bad glass—what I may call a wavy glass—above it, which, when I stood up, just showed me my anterior phrenological developments,—and these

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never look well, in any subject, cut short off at the eyebrow. If I stood with my back to the fire, a gloomy vault of darkness above and beyond the screen insisted on being looked at; and, in its dim remoteness,* the drapery of the ten curtains of the five windows went twisting and creeping about, like a nest of gigantic worms.

I suppose that what I observe in myself must be observed by some other men of similar character in *themselves*; therefore I am emboldened to mention, that, when I travel, I never arrive at a place but I immediately want to go away from it. Before I had finished my supper of broiled fowl and mulled port, I had impressed upon the waiter in detail my arrangements for departure in the morning. Breakfast and bill at eight. Fly at nine. Two horses, or, if needful, even four.

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. ~~In oases of nightmare~~, I thought of Angela, and felt more depressed than ever by the reflection that I was on the shortest road to Gretna Green. What had I to do with Gretna Green? I was not going *that* way to the Devil, but by the American route, I remarked in my bitterness.

In the morning I found that it was snowing still, that it had snowed all night, and that I was snowed up. Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by labourers from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree nobody could tell me.

—Christmas Stories.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

(LORD MACAULAY)

IN the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

WARREN HASTINGS' IMPEACHMENT

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were martialled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science, and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle

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which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had

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feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aequa in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his Judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same High Court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished

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members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanted that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days,

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and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the Court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the Constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard: and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour

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he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!’

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division shewed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favour of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was entrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

— *Warren Hastings.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS

(CARDINAL NEWMAN)

IF we would know what a University is, considered in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature and source of European civilization, to the bright and beautiful Athens,—Athens, whose schools drew to her bosom, and then sent back again to the business of life, the youth of the Western World for a long thousand years. Seated on the verge of the continent, the city seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost in convenience of approach it gained in its neighbourhood to the traditions of the mysterious East and in the loveliness of the region in which it lay. [¶] Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *orbis terrarum*, the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom.

Pisistratus had in an early age discovered and nursed the infant genius of his people, and Cimon, after the Persian war, had given it a home. That war had established the naval supremacy of Athens; she

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had become an imperial state; and the Ionians, bound to her by the double chain of kindred and of subjection, were importing into her both their merchandise and their civilization. The arts and philosophy of the Asiatic coast were easily carried across the sea, and there was Cimon, as I have said, with his ample fortune, ready to receive them with due honours. Not content with patronizing their professors, he built the first of those noble porticos, of which we hear so much in Athens, and he formed the groves, which in process of time became the celebrated Academy. *Planting is one of the most graceful, as in Athens it was one of the most beneficent, of employments. Cimon took in hand the wood, pruned and dressed it, and laid it out with handsome walks and welcome fountains. Nor, while hospitable to the authors of the city's civilization, was he ungrateful to the instruments of her prosperity. His trees extended their cool, umbrageous branches over the merchants, who assembled in the Agora, for many generations.

Those merchants certainly had deserved that act of bounty; for all the while their ships had been carrying forth the intellectual fame of Athens to the Western world. Then commenced what may be called her University existence. Pericles, who succeeded Cimon both in the government and in the patronage of art, is said by Plutarch to have entertained the idea of making Athens the capital of federated Greece: in this he failed, but his encouragement of such men as Phidias and Anaxagoras led the way to her acquiring a far more lasting sovereignty over a far wider empire. Little understanding the sources of her own greatness, Athens would *go to war: peace is the interest of a seat of commerce and the arts; but *to war she went; yet to her, whether peace or war, it mattered not. The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city

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of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,—Athens, the city of mind,—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young, as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue *Ægean*, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Boeotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Boeotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dulness of that Boeotian intellect: on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not;—it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full; such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone;—there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and

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goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that that olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea: but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fanlike jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the

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hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

—*Historical Sketches.*

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROADS

(GEORGE BORROW)

I BENT my course in the direction of the north, more induced by chance than any particular motive; all quarters of the world having about equal attractions for me. I was in high spirits at finding myself once more on horseback, and trotted gaily on, until the heat of the weather induced me to slacken my pace, more out of pity for my horse than because I felt any particular inconvenience from it—heat and cold being then, and still, matters of great indifference to me. What I thought of I scarcely know, save and except that I have a glimmering recollection that I felt some desire to meet with one of those adventures which upon the roads of England are generally as plentiful as blackberries in autumn; and Fortune, who has generally been ready to gratify my inclinations, provided it cost her very little by so doing, was not slow in furnishing me with an adventure, perhaps as characteristic of the English roads as anything which could have happened.

I might have travelled about six miles, amongst crossroads and lanes, when suddenly I found myself upon a broad and very dusty road, which seemed to lead due north. As I wended along this, I saw a man upon a donkey, riding towards me. The man was commonly dressed, with a broad felt hat on his head, and a kind of satchel on his back; he seemed to be in a mighty hurry, and was every now and then belabouring the donkey with a cudgel. The donkey, however, which was a fine large creature of the

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silver-grey species, did not appear to sympathize at all with its rider in his desire to get on, but kept its head turned back as much as possible, moving from one side of the road to the other, and not making much forward way. As I passed, being naturally of a very polite disposition, I gave the man the sole of the day, asking him at the same time why he beat the donkey; whereupon the fellow, eyeing me askance, told me to mind my own business, with the addition of something which I need not repeat. I had not proceeded a furlong before I saw seated on the dust by the wayside, close by a heap of stones, and with several flints before him, a respectable-looking old man, with a straw hat and white smock, who was weeping bitterly.

'What are you crying for, father?' said I. 'Have you come to any hurt?' 'Hurt enough,' sobbed the old man; 'I have been just tricked out of the best ass in England by a villain, who gave me nothing but these trash in return,' pointing to the stones before him. 'I really scarcely understand you,' said I, 'I wish you would explain yourself more clearly.' 'I was riding on my ass from market,' said the old man, 'when I met here a fellow with a sack on his back, who, after staring at the ass and me a moment or two, asked me if I would sell her. I told him that I could not think of selling her, as she was very useful to me, and though an animal, my true companion, whom I loved as much as if she were my wife and daughter. I then attempted to pass on, but the fellow stood before me, begging me to sell her, saying that he would give me anything for her; well, seeing that he persisted, I said at last that if I sold her, I must have six pounds for her, and I said so to get rid of him, for I saw that he was a shabby fellow, who had probably not six shillings in the world; but I had better have held my tongue,' said the old man, crying more bitterly than before, 'for the words were scarcely out

of my mouth, when he said he would give me what I asked, and taking the sack from his back, he pulled out a steelyard, and going to the heap of stones there, he took up several of them and weighed them, then flinging them down before me, he said, "There are six pounds, neighbour; now, get off the ass, and hand her over to me." Well, I sat like one dumbfounded for a time till at last I asked him what he meant? "What do I mean," said he, "you old rascal, why, I mean to claim my purchase," and then he swore so awfully, that scarcely knowing what I did I got down, and he jumped on the animal and rode off as fast as he could.' 'I suppose he was the fellow,' said I, 'whom I just now met upon a fine grey ass, which he was beating with a cudgel.' 'I dare say he was,' said the old man, 'I saw him beating her as he rode away, and I thought I should have died.' 'I never heard such a story,' said I; 'well, do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly?' 'Oh dear,' said the old man, 'what can I do? I am seventy-nine years of age; I am bad on my feet, and dar'n't go after him.' 'Shall I go?' said I; 'the fellow is a thief, and any one has a right to stop him.' 'Oh, if you could but bring her again to me,' said the old man, 'I would bless you to my dying day; but have a care; I don't know but after all the law may say that she is his lawful purchase. I asked six pounds for her, and he gave me six pounds.' 'Six flints you mean,' said I; 'no, no, the law is not quite so bad as that either; I know something about her and am sure that she will never sanction such a quibble. At all events, I'll ride after the fellow.' Thereupon turning the horse round, I put him to his very best trot; I rode nearly a mile without obtaining a glimpse of the fellow, and was becoming apprehensive that he had escaped me by turning down some by-path, two or three of which I had passed. Suddenly, however, on the road making a slight turning, I perceived him right before me,

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moving at a tolerably swift pace, having by this time probably overcome the resistance of the animal. Putting my horse to a full gallop, I shouted at the top of my voice, 'Get off that donkey, you rascal, and give her up to me, or I'll ride you down.' The fellow hearing the thunder of the horse's hoofs behind him, drew up on one side of the road. 'What do you want?' said he, as I stopped my charger, now almost covered with sweat and foam, close beside him. 'Do you want to rob me?' 'To rob you?' said I. 'No! but to take from you that ass of which you have just robbed its owner.' 'I have robbed no man,' said the fellow; 'I just now purchased it fairly of its master, and the law will give it to me; he asked six pounds for it, and I gave him six pounds.' 'Six stones, you mean, you rascal,' said I; 'get down, or my horse shall be upon you in a moment'; then with a motion of my reins, I caused the horse to rear, pressing his sides with my heels as if I intended to make him leap. 'Stop,' said the man, 'I'll get down, and then try if I can't serve you out.' He then got down, and confronted me with his cudgel; he was a horrible-looking fellow, and seemed prepared for anything. Scarcely, however, had he dismounted, when the donkey jerked the bridle out of his hand, and probably in revenge for the usage she had received, gave him a pair of tremendous kicks on the hip with her hinder legs, which overthrown him, and then scampered down the road the way she had come. 'Pretty treatment this,' said the fellow, getting up without his cudgel, and holding his hand to his side, 'I wish I may not be lamed for life.' 'And if you be,' said I, 'it would merely serve you right, you rascal, for trying to cheat a poor old man out of his property by quibbling at words.' 'Rascal!' said the fellow, 'you lie, I am no rascal; and as for quibbling with words—suppose I did! What then? All the first people does it! The newspapers

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does it! The gentlefolks that calls themselves the guides of the popular mind does it! I'm no ignoramus. I reads the newspapers, and knows what's what.' 'You read them to some purpose,' said I. 'Well, if you are lamed for life, and unfitted for any active line—turn newspaper editor; I should say you are perfectly qualified, and this day's adventure may be the foundation of your fortune'; thereupon I turned round and rode off. The fellow followed me with a torrent of abuse. 'Confound you,' said he—yet that was not the expression either—'I know you; you are one of the horse-patrol, come down into the country on leave to see your relations. Confound you, you and the like of you have knocked my business on the head near Lunnon, and I suppose we shall have you shortly in the country.' 'To the newspaper office,' said I, 'and fabricate falsehoods out of flint stones'; then, touching the horse with my heels, I trotted off, and coming to the place where I had seen the old man, I found him there, risen from the ground, and embracing his ass.

I told him that I was travelling down the road, and said that if his way lay in the same direction as mine, he could do no better than accompany me for some distance, lest the fellow, who, for aught I knew, might be hovering nigh, might catch him alone, and again get his ass from him. After thanking me for my offer, which he said he would accept, he got upon his ass, and we proceeded together down the road. My new acquaintance said very little of his own accord; and when I asked him a question, answered rather incoherently. I heard him every now and then say, 'Villain!' to himself, after which he would pat the donkey's neck, from which circumstance I concluded that his mind was occupied with his late adventure. After travelling about two miles, we reached a place where a drift-way on the right led from the great

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road; here my companion stopped, and on my asking him whether he was going any farther, he told me that the path to the right was the way to his house.

—*Romany Rye.*

THE PYRAMIDS

(ALEXANDER KINGLAKE)

I WENT to see and to explore the Pyramids.

Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change: they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stones was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down, overcasting my brain.

Now try to endure this homely, sick-nursish illustration of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid. When I was very young (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old), being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression. I lay in my bed perfectly con-

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scious and with open eyes, but without power to speak, or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea—the idea of solid Immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape—that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in Hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest with it any particular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea)—I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding, that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid—it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not, of course, affect me with the peculiar sensation I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old nightmare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind.

And Time too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian Pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds. At its base the common earth ends, and all above is a world—one not created of God—not seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather the sheer giant-work of some old dismal age weighing down this younger planet.

ALEXANDER KINGLAKE

Fine sayings! But the truth seems to be, after all, that the Pyramids are quite of this world; that they were piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crotchets about immortality—some priestly longing for burial fees; and that as for the building—they were built like coral rocks by swarms of insects—by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were not only the abject tools and slaves of power,* but who also ate onions for the reward of their immortal labours! The Pyramids are quite of this world.

I of course ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid and also explored its chambers; but these I need not describe. The first time that I went to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, there were a number of Arabs hanging about in its neighbourhood, and wanting to receive presents on various pretences: their sheik was with them. There was also present an ill-looking fellow in soldiers uniform. This man on my departure claimed a reward, on the ground that he had maintained order and decorum amongst the Arabs. His claim was not considered valid by my dragoman, and was rejected accordingly. My donkey-boys afterwards said they had overheard this fellow propose to the sheik to put me to death whilst I was in the interior of the great Pyramid, and to share with him the booty. Fancy a struggle for life in one of those burial chambers, with acres and acres of solid masonry between one's self and the daylight. I felt exceedingly glad that I had not made the rascal a present.

I visited the very ancient Pyramids of Aboukir and Sakkara. There are many of these, differing the one from the other in shape as well as size; and it struck me that taken together they might be looked upon as showing the progress and perfection (such as it is) of pyramidal architecture. One of the pyramids at Sakkara is almost a rival for the full-grown monster at Ghizeh; others are scarcely more than vast heaps

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of brick and stone; and these last suggested to me the idea that after all the Pyramid is nothing more nor less than a variety of the sepulchral mound so common in most countries (including, I believe, Hindostan, from whence the Egyptians are supposed to have come). Men accustomed to raise these structures for their dead kings or conquerors would carry the usage with them in their migrations; but arriving in Egypt, and seeing the impossibility of finding earth sufficiently tenacious for a mound, they would approximate as nearly as might be to their ancient custom by raising up a round heap of stones, in short conical pyramids. Of these there are several at Sakkara, and the materials of some are thrown together without any order or regularity. The transition from this simple form to that of the square angular pyramid was easy and natural; and it seemed to me that the gradations through which the style passed from infancy up to its mature enormity could plainly be traced at Sakkara.

—*Eothen.*

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(LORD AVEBURY)

· Happy is he that findeth wisdom.
And the man that getteth understanding:
For the merchandise of it is better than silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold,
She is more precious than rubies:
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be
compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand,
And in her left hand riches and honour,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

--*Proverbs of Solomon.*

THOSE who have not tried for themselves can hardly imagine how much science adds to the interest and variety of life. It is altogether a mistake to regard it as dry, difficult, or prosaic; much of it is as easy as it is interesting. A wise instinct of old united the prophet and the 'seer.' 'The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness.' Technical works, descriptions of species, etc., bear the same relation to science as dictionaries do to literature.

Occasionally, indeed, science may destroy some poetical myth of antiquity; but the real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking—and contain more true poetry, than those which have occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind.

In endless aspects science is as wonderful and interesting as a fairy tale.

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‘There are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairyland; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O’er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse.’

Mackay justly exclaims:

‘Blessings on Science! When the earth seemed old,
When Faith grew doting, and our reason cold,
’Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue.’

Botany, for instance, is by many regarded as a dry science. Yet though without it we may admire flowers and trees, it is only as strangers, only as one may admire a great man or a beautiful woman in a crowd. The botanist, on the contrary—nay, I will not say the botanist but one with even a slight knowledge of that delightful science—when he goes out into the woods, or into one of those fairy forests which we call fields, finds himself welcomed by a glad company of friends, every one with something interesting to tell. Dr. Johnson said that, in his opinion, when you had seen one green field you had seen them all; and a greater even than Johnson—Socrates—the very type of intellect without science, said he was always anxious to learn, and from fields and trees he could learn nothing.

It has, I know, been said that botanists

‘Love not the flower they pluck and know it not,
And all their botany is but Latin names.’

Contrast this, however, with the language of one who would hardly claim to be a master in botany, though he is certainly a loving student. ‘Consider,’ says Ruskin, ‘what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless, and peaceful spears of the field! Follow but for a little time the thought of all that we ought to recognize in

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those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rest in noonday heat, the joy of the herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of the sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows, when else it would have struck on the dark mould or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, softening in their fall the sound of loving voices.

My own tastes and studies have led me mainly in the direction of Natural History and Archæology; but if you love one science, you cannot but feel interest in them all. How grand are the truths of Astronomy! Prudhomme, in a sonnet, beautifully translated by Arthur O'Shaughnessy, has pictured an Observatory. He says—

'Tis late; the astronomer in his lonely height,
Exploring all the dark, descries afar
Orbs that like distant isles of splendour are.'

He notices a comet, and calculating its orbit, finds that it will return in a thousand years—

'The star will come. It dare not by one hour
Cheat Science, or falsify her calculation;
Men will have passed, but, watchful in the tower,
Man shall remain in sleepless contemplation;
And should all men have perished in their turn.
Truth in their place would watch that star's return.

Ernest Rhys well says of a student's chamber—

'Strange things pass nightly in this little room,
All dreary as it looks by light of day;
Enchantment reigns here when at evening play
Red fire-light glimpses through the pallid gloom.

And the true student, in Ruskin's words, stands on an eminence from which he looks back on the

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universe of God and forward over the generations of men.

Even if it be true that science was dry when it was buried in huge folios, that is certainly no longer the case now; and Lord Chesterfield's wise wish, that Minerva might have three Graces as well as Venus, has been amply fulfilled.

The study of natural history indeed seems destined to replace the loss of what is, not very happily I think, termed 'sport'; engraved in us as it is by the operation of thousands of years, during which man lived greatly on the produce of the chase. Game is gradually becoming 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Our prehistoric ancestors hunted the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and the Irish elk; the ancient Britons had the wild ox, the bear, the deer, and the wolf. We have still the grouse, the partridge, the fox, and the hare; but even these are becoming scarcer, and must be preserved first, in order that they be killed afterwards. Some of us even now—and more, no doubt, will hereafter—satisfy instincts, essentially of the same origin, by the study of birds, or insects, or even infusoria—of creatures which more than make up by their variety what they want in size.

Emerson avers that when a naturalist has 'got all snakes and lizards in his phials, science has done for him also, and has put the man into a bottle.' I do not deny that there are such cases, but they are quite exceptional. The true naturalist is no mere dry collector.

I cannot resist, although it is rather long, quoting the following description from Hudson and Gosse's beautiful work on the Rotifera:

'On the Somersetshire side of the Avon, and not far from Clifton, is a little combe, at the bottom of which lies an old fish-pond. Its slopes are covered with plantations of beech and fir, so as to shelter the

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pond on three sides, and yet leave it open to the soft south-western breezes, and to the afternoon sun. At the head of the combe wells up a clear spring, which sends a thread of water, trickling through a bed of osiers, into the upper end of the pond. A stout stone wall has been drawn across the combe from side to side, so as to dam up the stream; and there is a gap in one corner through which the overflow finds its way in a miniature cascade, down into the lower plantation.

‘If we approach the pond by the gamekeeper’s path from the cottage above, we shall pass through the plantation, and come unseen right on the corner of the wall; so that one quiet step will enable us to see at a glance its whole surface, without disturbing any living thing that may be there.

‘Far off at the upper end a water-hen is leading her little brood among the willows; on the fallen trunk of an old beech, lying half way across the pond, a vole is sitting erect, rubbing his right ear, and the splash of a beech husk just at our feet tells of a squirrel who is dining somewhere in the leafy crown above us.

‘But see, the water-rat has spied us out, and is making straight for his hole in the bank, while the ripple above him is the only thing that tells of his silent flight. The water-hen has long ago got under cover, and the squirrel drops no more husks. It is a true Silent Pond, and without a sign of life.

‘But if, retaining sense and sight, we could shrink into living atoms and plunge under the water, of what a world of wonders should we then form part! We should find this fairy kingdom peopled with the strangest creatures—creatures that swim with their hair, that have ruby eyes blazing deep in their necks, with telescopic limbs that now are withdrawn wholly within their bodies and now stretched out to many times their own length. Here are some riding at anchor,

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moored by delicate threads spun out from their toes; and there are others flashing by in glass armour, bristling with sharp spikes or ornamented with bosses and flowing curves; while fastened to a green stem is an animal, convolvulus that, by some invisible power, draws a never-ceasing stream of victims into its gaping cup, and tears them to death with hooked jaws deep down within its body.

'Close by it, on the same stem, is something that looks like a filmy heart's-ease. A curious wheelwork runs round its four outspread petals; and a chain of minute things, living and dead, is winding in and out of their curves into a gulf at the back of the flower. What happens to them there we cannot see; for round the stem is raised a tube of golden-brown balls, all regularly piled on each other. Some creature dashes by, and like a flash the flower vanishes within its tube.

'We sink still lower, and now see on the bottom slow gliding lumps of jelly that thrust a shapeless arm out where they will, and grasping their prey with these chance limbs, wrap themselves round their food to get a meal; for they creep without feet, seize without hands, eat without mouths, and digest without stomachs.'

Too many, however, still feel only in Nature that which we share 'with the weed and the worm'; they love birds as boys do—that is they love throwing stones at them; or wonder if they are good to eat, as the Esquimaux asked about the watch; or treat them as certain devout Afreedee villagers are said to have treated a descendant of the Prophet—killed him in order to worship at his tomb; but gradually we may hope that the love of Science—the notes 'we sound upon the strings of nature'—will become to more and more, as already it is to many, a faithful and sacred element of human feeling.

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Science summons us

‘To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.’

Where the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, Science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however, as Ruskin observes—let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature—and you have the opal. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain; or if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water, purified and distilled, will become a dew-drop, or crystallize into a lovely star. Or, again, you may see as you will in any shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom, or the image of the heavens above.

Nay, even if we imagine beauties and charms which do not really exist; still if we err at all, it is better to do so on the side of charity; like Nasmyth, who tells us in his delightful autobiography, that he used to think one of his friends had a charming and kindly twinkle, and was one day surprised to discover that he had a glass eye.

But I should err, indeed, were I to dwell exclusively on science as lending interest and charm to our leisure hours. Far from this, it would be impossible to overrate the importance of scientific training on the wise conduct of life.

‘Science,’ said the Royal Commission of 1861, ‘quickens and cultivates directly the faculty of observation, which in very many persons lies almost dormant through life, the power of accurate and rapid generalization, and the mental habit of method and arrangement; it accustoms young persons to

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trace the sequence of ~~cause~~ cause and effect; it familiarizes them with a kind of reasoning which interests them, and which they can promptly comprehend; and it is perhaps the best corrective for that indolence which is the vice of half-awakened minds, and which shrinks from any exertion that is not, like an effort of memory, merely mechanical.'

Again, when we contemplate the grandeur of science, if we transport ourselves in imagination back into primeval times, or away into the immensity of space, our little troubles and sorrows seem to shrink into insignificance. 'Ah, beautiful creations!' says Helps, speaking of the stars, 'it is not in guiding us over the seas of our little planet, but out of the dark waters of our own perturbed minds, that we may make to ourselves the most of your significance.' They teach, he tells us elsewhere, 'something significant to all of us; and each man has a whole hemisphere of them, if he will but look up, to counsel and befriend him.'

There is a passage in an address given many years ago by Professor Huxley to the South London Working Men's College which struck me very much at the time, and which puts this language more forcibly than any which I could use.

'Suppose,' he said, 'it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and more or less of those who are connected with us,

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do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. 'The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the Universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity which with the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.'

I have elsewhere endeavoured to show the purifying and ennobling influence of science upon religion; how it has assisted, if indeed it may not claim the main share, in sweeping away the dark superstitions, the degrading belief in sorcery and witchcraft, and the cruel, however well-intentioned, intolerance which embittered the Christian world almost from the very days of the Apostles. In this she has surely performed no mean service to religion itself. As Canon Fremantle has well and justly said, men of science, and not the clergy only, are ministers of religion.

Again, the national necessity for scientific education is imperative. We are apt to forget how much we owe to science, because so many of its wonderful gifts have become familiar parts of our everyday life, that their very value makes us forget their origin. At the recent celebration of the sex-centenary of Peterhouse College, near the close of a long dinner, Sir Frederick Bramwell was called on, some time after midnight, to return thanks for Applied Science. He excused himself from making a long speech on the ground that, though the subject was almost

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inexhaustible, the only illustration which struck him as appropriate under the circumstances was 'the application of the domestic lucifer to the bedroom candle.' One cannot but feel how unfortunate was the saying of the poet that

'The light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.'

The report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, which has recently been issued, teems with illustrations of the advantages afforded by technical instruction. At the same time, technical training ought not to begin too soon, for, as Bain truly observes, 'in a right view of scientific education the first principles and leading examples, with select details, of all the great sciences are the proper basis of the complete and exhaustive study of any single science.' Indeed, in the words of Sir John Herschel, 'it can hardly be pressed forcibly enough on the attention of the student of Nature, that there is scarcely any natural phenomenon which can be fully and completely explained in all its circumstances, without a union of several, perhaps of all, the sciences.' The most important secrets of Nature are often hidden away in unexpected places. Many valuable substances have been discovered in the refuse of manufactories; and it was a happy thought of Glauber to examine what everybody else threw away. There is perhaps no nation the future happiness and prosperity of which depend more on science than our own. Our population is over 40,000,000, and is rapidly increasing. Even at present it is far larger than our acreage can support. Few people whose business does not lie in the study of statistics realise that we have to pay foreign countries no less than £150,000,000 a year for food. This, of course, we purchase mainly by manufactured articles. We hear even now a great deal about depression of trade,

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and foreign, especially American, competition; but let us look forward a hundred years—no long time in the history of a nation. Our coal supplies will then be greatly diminished. The population of Great Britain doubles at the present rate of increase in about fifty years, so that we should, if the present rate continues, require to import over £400,000,000 a year in food. How, then, is this to be paid for? We have before us, as usual, three courses. The natural rate of increase may be stopped, which means suffering and outrage; the population may increase, only to vegetate in misery and destitution; or, lastly, by the development of scientific training and appliances, they may probably be maintained in happiness and comfort. We have, in fact, to make our choice between science and suffering. It is only by wisely utilising the gifts of science that we have any hope of maintaining our population in plenty and comfort. Science, however, will do this for us if we will only let her. She may be no Fairy Godmother indeed, but she will richly endow those who love her.

That discoveries, innumerable, marvellous, and fruitful, await the successful explorers of Nature no one can doubt. 'We are so far,' says Locke, 'from being admitted into the secrets of Nature, that we scarce so much as approach the first entrance towards them.' What would one not give for a Science primer of the next century? for, to paraphrase a well-known saying, even the boy at the plough will then know more of science than the wisest of our philosophers do now. Boyle entitled one of his essays 'Of Man's great Ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things; or that there is no one thing in Nature whereof the uses to human life are yet thoroughly understood'—a saying which is still as true now as when it was written. And, lest I should be supposed to be taking too sanguine a view, let me give authority of Sir John Herschel, who says: 'Since

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it cannot but be that innumerable and most important uses remain to be discovered among the materials and objects already known to us, as well as among those which the progress of science must hereafter disclose, we may hence conceive a well-grounded expectation, not only of constant increase in the physical resources of mankind, and the consequent improvement of their condition, but of continual accession to our power of penetrating into the arcana of Nature and becoming acquainted with her highest laws.'

Nor is it merely in a material point of view that science would thus benefit the nation. She will raise and strengthen the national, as surely as the individual, character. The great gift which Minerva offered to Paris is now freely tendered to all, for we may apply to the nation, as well as to the individual, Tennyson's noble lines:

'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law;
Acting the law we live by without fear.'

'In the vain and foolish exultation of the heart,' said John Quincy Adams, at the close of his final lecture on resigning his chair at Boston, 'which the brighter prospects of life will sometimes excite, the pensive portress of Science shall call you to the sober pleasures of her holy cell. In the mortification of disappointment, her soothing voice shall whisper serenity and peace. (In social converse with the mighty dead of ancient days, you will never smart under the galling sense of dependence upon the mighty living of the present age.) And in your struggles with the world, should a crisis ever occur, when even friendship may deem it prudent to desert you, when priest and Levite shall come and look on you and pass by on the other side, seek refuge, my

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unfailing friends, and be assured you shall find it, in the friendship of Laelius and Scipio, in the patriotism of Cicero, Demosthenes, and Burke, as well as in the precepts and example of Him whose law is love, and who taught us to remember injuries only to forgive them.'

Let me, in conclusion, quote the glowing description of our debt to science given by Archdeacon Farrar in his address at Liverpool College—testimony, moreover, all the more valuable, considering the source from which it comes.

'In this great commercial city,' he said, 'where you are surrounded by the triumphs of science and of mechanism—you, whose river is ploughed by the great steamships whose white wake has been called the fittest avenue to the palace front of a mercantile people—you know well that in the achievements of science there is not only beauty and wonder, but also beneficence and power. It is not only that she has revealed to us infinite space crowded with unnumbered worlds; infinite time peopled by unnumbered existences; infinite organisms hitherto invisible but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness; but also that she has been, as a great Archangel of Mercy, devoting herself to the service of man. She has laboured, her votaries have laboured, not to increase the power of despots or add to the magnificence of courts, but to extend human happiness, to economise human effort, to extinguish human pain. Where of old, men toiled, half blinded and half naked, in the mouth of the glowing furnace to mix the white-hot iron, she now substitutes the mechanical action of the viewless air. She has enlisted the sunbeam in her service to limn for us, with absolute fidelity, the faces of the friends we love. She has shown the poor miner how he may work in safety, even amid the explosive fire-damp of the mine. She has, by her anæsthetics, enabled the sufferer to be hushed and unconscious

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while the delicate hand of some skilled operator cuts a fragment from the nervous circle of the unquivering eye. She points not to pyramids built during weary centuries by the sweat of miserable nations, but to the lighthouse and the steamship, to the railroad and the telegraph. She has restored eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf. She has lengthened life, she has minimised danger, she has controlled madness, she has trampled on disease. And on all these grounds, I think that none of our sons should grow up wholly ignorant of studies which at once train the reason and fire the imagination, which fashion as well as forge, which can feed as well as fill the mind.'

—*The Pleasures of Life.*

THE SPEECH OF PERICLES OVER THOSE FALLEN IN THE WAR

(BENJAMIN JOWETT)

‘I WILL speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and seemly that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valour they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigour of life, have carried the work of improvement further, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we, or our fathers, drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions, and through what manner of life, our empire became great. . . .

‘Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbours, but are an example to them.

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It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbour if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for the authorities and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

'And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; our homes are beautiful and elegant; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

'Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And

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in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face.

‘If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? . . . For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favours. . . . We alone do good to our neighbours not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the

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most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witness; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer, or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

'I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame. Methinks that a death such as theirs has been given the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final

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seal. For even those who come short in other ways justly plead the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonour, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

‘Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defence, which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear

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of dishonour always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate^{men} who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous^{and} who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

‘Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will

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too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth, when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honour alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honour is the delight of men when they are old and useless"

"To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and, however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way, the honour and goodwill which he receives is unalloyed. And, if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

"I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honourably interred, and it remains

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only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up: this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart.'

—*Thucydides.*

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE *REVENGE*

(JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE)

IN August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English 'line-of-battle' ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, was lying at anchor under the Island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore: the ships themselves 'all pestered and rummaging,' with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190, ninety were sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well-known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. 'He was of great revenues, of his own inheritance,' they said, 'but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars'; and from his uncontrollable

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propensities for blood-~~e~~ting, he had volunteered his services to the queen; 'of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down.' Such Grenville was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) 'to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship'

'But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way: which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing: notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.'

The wind was light; the *San Philip*, 'a huge high-

carged ship' of 1,500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

'After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many enterchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune.'

This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the *George Noble*, but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphurous clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the

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Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, 'so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her,' washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, 'so ill approving of their entertainment, that, at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries.' 'But as the day increased,' says Raleigh, 'so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort; for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped.'

All the power in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, 40 out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and 'having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him,' 'commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing

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might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.'

The gunner and a few others consented. But such superhuman courage was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1,500 of their crew were killed, and the Spanish admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, 'doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition.' Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, 'finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it,' gained over the majority of the surviving company; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed; and 'the ship being marvellous unsavourie, Alonzo de Bacon, the Spanish admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that 'he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not'; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

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The admiral used him with all humanity, 'commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved.' The officers of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him; and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the 'Portugals,' each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge*.

'In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." When he had finished these or other such-like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him.'

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barère could ever invent for the *Vengeur*. Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, 'there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before.' A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be

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unable to carry sail; and the *Revenge* herself, disdain-
ing to survive her commander, or as if to complete
his own last baffled purpose, like Samsor, buried
herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of
St. Michael's.

—*England's Forgotten Worthies.*

THE BEAUTIFUL

(JOHN RUSKIN)

ANY material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities, without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way, or in some degree, beautiful. Why we receive pleasure from some forms and colours, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike worm-wood. The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead us to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no further reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created. We may, indeed, perceive as far as we are acquainted with His nature, that we have been so constructed as, when in a healthy and cultivated state of mind, to derive pleasure from whatever things are illustrative of that nature; but we do not receive pleasure from them because they are illustrative of it, nor from any perception that they are illustrative of it, but instinctively and necessarily, as we derive sensual pleasure from the scent of a rose. On these primary principles of our nature, education and accident operate to an unlimited extent; they may be cultivated or checked, directed or diverted, gifted by right guidance with the most acute and faultless sense, or subjected by neglect to every phase of error and disease. He who has followed up these natural laws of aversion and desire, rendering them more and more authoritative by constant obedience, so as to derive pleasure always from that which God

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originally intended should give him pleasure, and who derives the greatest possible sum of pleasure from any given object, is a man of taste.

This then, is the real meaning of this disputed word. Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection. He who receives little pleasure from those sources, wants taste; he who receives pleasure from any other sources, has false or bad taste.

And it is thus that the term 'taste' is to be distinguished from that of 'judgment' with which it is constantly confounded. Judgment is a general term, expressing definite action of the intellect, and applicable to every kind of subject which can be submitted to it. There may be judgment of congruity, judgment of truth, judgment of justice, and judgment of difficulty and excellence. But all these exertions of the intellect are totally distinct from taste, properly so called which is the instinctive and instant preferring of one material object to another without any obvious reason, except that it is proper to human nature in its perfection so to do.

Observe, however, I do not mean by excluding direct exertion of the intellect from ideas of beauty, to assert that beauty has no effect upon, nor connection with, the intellect. All our moral feelings are so inwoven with our intellectual powers, that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called 'intellectual beauty.' But there is yet no immediate *exertion* of the intellect; that is to say, if a person receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty be

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asked *why* he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, not to trace in his mind any formed thought, to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure. He will say that the thing gratifies, fills, hallows, exalts his mind, but he will not be able to say why, or how. If he can, and if he can show that he perceives in the object any expression of distinct thought, he has received more than an idea of beauty—it is an idea of relation.

Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts; there being in fact scarcely anything, in pure, undiseased nature, like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition—spots of blackness in creation, to make its colours felt.

But although everything in nature is more or less beautiful, every species of object has its own kind and degree of beauty; some being in their own nature more beautiful than others, and few, if any, individuals possessing the utmost degree of beauty of which the species is capable. This utmost degree of specific beauty, necessarily co-existent with the utmost perfection of the object in other respects, is the ideal of the object.

Ideas of beauty, then, be it remembered, are the subjects of moral, but not of intellectual perception. By the investigation of them we shall be led to the knowledge of the ideal subjects of art.

—*Modern Painters.*

AGRA AND THE TAJ

(SIR EDWIN ARNOLD)

IT would be difficult to find a railway station anywhere which lands its passengers upon a more remarkable scene than that at Agra. You emerge into the open space amid the usual brightly-clad crowd, and are arrested on the step of the carriage by the imposing spectacle presented upon either hand. To the right soar the minarets and domes of an immense mosque, the Jumma Masjid of the City, built by Shah Jahan, in A.D. 1644, in honour of the good Princess Jahanara, his daughter, who was buried at Dehli, after sharing the seven years' captivity of her father, deposed by Aurungzebe. This is a massive structure of sandstone, the great domes of which are diversified by a zigzag pattern in layers of white marble, producing a strange but picturesque effect; and to the left the vast red walls and bastions of Akbar's Fort climb upwards like sea-cliffs, facing the station with a huge battlemented gateway, and with long lines of crenelated parapet, under which runs in a broad stream, divided by many sandbanks, the sacred Yamuna, or Jumna, flowing grandly down to join the Ganges, and forming with that river the fertile Doab, the fairest portion of Hindustan proper.

Within these lofty walls are hidden, as the traveller will well know, the finest monuments of the Mogul time, as well as some of the favourite retreats of the sultans; and it is right that the first object to seize attention at Akbar's city should remind one of that

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truly great sovereign, whose tolerance and rare artistic taste created, what may be called, the new school of Hindustani architecture. Akbar loved India. The hearts of Babur and Humayun were always away in Central Asia, where one of them died; but the son of Hamida, the Persian girl, born at Umarkot on the Indus, who began to rule as a boy of fourteen, and lived to prove so powerful a monarch, knew no country except his empire of Hindustan, and gave himself, heart and soul, to the idea of blending in India conquerors and conquered into one people. It is notable that the Hindus believed him to be one of their own people returned to earth, and all the more when one day he dug up at the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges the dish, the bottle, and the deer-skin of an anchorite; articles which they supposed must have appertained to the Emperor in a previous existence. He chose Hindu princesses for his wives; favoured and cultivated Hindu literature, albeit he himself could neither read nor write; took Hindu statesmen into his deepest confidence, and by employing Hindu artists and masons, and giving them free play upon the old conventional Persian and Mogul models, he founded for India what comes nearest to a national style of building, wherein her old delicate skill of detailed ornament has mingled with the original strength of the invader's designs, so that, even now, many a graceful private mansion or forgotten temple in the by-streets of Indian cities proves how thoroughly Hindustani architecture is a living art. The breadth of Akbar's religious views, his generous interest in all forms of thought, his love of the many good qualities in his Indian subjects, and his dislike of the bigotry and fierceness of his own Mogul countrymen; the grace, the joyfulness, the courage, and the kindness of the man, until those later years when the vices of his children disheartened him and his

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strong nature yielded, make Agra a veritable place of pilgrimage for those who remember Akbar's virtues and overlook his faults.

He even invented a reconciling religion. Mr. Keene says: 'The so-called "Divine Monotheism" of Akbar was an attempt to throw off the rules of Islam, and substitute an eclectic system obtained by putting together the systems of Zoroaster, of the Brahmans, and of Christianity, and retaining some Mohammedan forms. Few leading Moslems and only one Hindu (Birbal) embraced it; and it fell at the death of its founder, owing to the opposition of sincere believers and the indifference of the new Emperor Jahangir. But the Hindus continued to prosper till the time of Aurungzebe. Of Akbar's peers fifty-seven were Hindus out of about four hundred; under his grandson Shah Jahan, out of six hundred and nine, one hundred and ten were Hindus. Neither Akbar nor Jahangir converted their Hindu wives to the faith of Islam.' Faults, the great Emperor certainly had. His city of Fatehpur-Sikri, built at enormous cost to his people, in a place where no man could live long because of the bad air and water, was a caprice so costly as to seem cruel; and beautiful as are the buildings in this city and at Delhi, due to his hand or to his influence, who has not heard of that fatal sweetmeat box which the Emperor carried, one side of which contained innocent pastilles of honey and almonds, and the other partition sweet-scented lozenges imbued with deadly poison? If Akbar gave you a bonbon from the kind side of his box you were in high favour at court, and likely to command a province soon or to receive the charge of five thousand horse. If he smilingly offered you one from the other part you could not refuse—for none dared to say 'No!' to Akbar—and your mouth for a while became full of the fragrance of nard and myrrh, while

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you rode hurriedly home in your litter and there died before the golden palace robes could well be stripped off. They say that Akbar himself perished by making a mistake one evening when he wished for a sweetmeat. . . . Our first duty was, of course, to visit the Taj, and the next was to see the tomb where the dust of Akbar the Magnificent lies. The site of the Emperor's burial is called Sikandra, and is distant about five miles from the Fort Gate. It is approached by a super-archway of red sandstone, massive and majestic, crowned with great scrolls of Arabic, being the 'Chapter of the Kingdom' from the Koran. The white marble minarets on either side are broken, and broken is the patterned pavement by which you pass through a large but melancholy garden to the mausoleum of the Emperor. This is a vast mosque-like structure of red sandstone, diversified with marbles of many colours, having an imposing central entrance, and on each side of this main arch five smaller archways. Large flowers and bold arabesques run along the architraves, inlaid in brilliant hues. The entrance-chamber was originally vaulted with diapers, of blue and gold, the splendid effect of which may be judged by a small portion which has been recently renovated. By this grand approach you are led to the highest of four platforms, where, in the centre of a square upper pavilion, surrounded by lattice-work of wonderful pierced marble, the cenotaph of the Emperor stands. On one side of this monument are written in Arabic the words with which he used to be saluted, *Allahu Akbar*—'God is Great,' and on the other those with which he was wont to reply to his obsequious courtiers, *Jalla jalla-laku*—'May His glory be glorified.' A yard or so from the monument rises a marble pillar, which was formerly coated with gold plates, and provided with a receptacle in which the Koh-i-Noor was kept. Around this central shrine, at the base of the edifice,

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are many little chapels, where similar but humbler memorials exist to other members of the Imperial line, among them a daughter of Aurungzebe. But to see where Akbar's dust really reposes you must come down from the proud and lofty pavilion, and the beautiful white corridors lighted of old with that great diamond, and by the Indian sunshine filtering upon it through those pierced panels; you must descend a gloomy subterranean slope paved with black flagstones, steep and rugged, and rapidly retreating from the glad warmth of the Indian morning outside into chilly shadows. This brings you to a dismal vaulted chamber, of conical form, a huge sepulchral cellar, which has no touch of defunct royalty about it, except some faint vestiges of gold and blue upon the roof, dimly illuminated by one square aperture. In the middle of the floor is thus perceived a white tombstone, the high polish of which catches what little light flickers about the place. This plain marble bears no inscription whatever; only on the top of it is seen the Kalamdan carved upon a man's grave-slab by the Moguls. And under this simple stone lie the bones of Akbar the Magnificent, in a darkness which daylight was wont to penetrate only once a year in the old Imperial days. Now the place is always open to visitors; but the Khadim in charge had reverently set a tumbler of flowers on the Mecca side of the grave, and spoke in a whisper, as if the mighty Akbar might still hear and resent any want of obeisance.

The Fort, already spoken of, contains within its vast red walls a whole town of splendid Mogul buildings. They are grouped together in a rich profusion of architecture not to be understood, unless it is remembered that the Mogul was a man of camps, and imitated in walled cities his own bygone habits of the desert. Thus, alike at Fatehpur-Sikri and this wonderful Agra Fort, edifice is crowded upon edifice

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within a narrow space, just as tents would have been in a Bactrian encampment. Moreover, the general design is virtually the same. The Dewan-i-Am, which you first see, with its three rows of thirty-six columns fronting the sunlight, where the place of the throne is still marked; the Dewan-i-Khas, a marvel of elaborate work, carved and beautified beyond the power of any words to convey; the Jahangir Mahal, and the beautiful mosques themselves, the Nagina and the Moti, all suggest tents and tent-poles, and the Kanauts or curtains of tents lifted high for light and air. These buildings are, in fact, all open halls, facing with tent-like fronts the square or the river on one side, and having secret apartments or recesses at the back, like the women's portion of a Turanian Kibitka. But, of course, from the most sumptuous green silk tent of Timur to the least of all these lovely edifices at Agra, Delhi, or Fatehpur-Sikri, is a longer step than from the lowest Mongol camp-follower to Akbar's intellect and capacity. The Dewan-i-Khas, with its embroidered arches and pilasters, and its inlaying of jewel-work, would alone suffice to render any city famous. Yet this is only one of the many treasures enshrined in the fortalice of Akbar. You pass from the columned grace and lightness of the Hall of Audience, upon a terrace overlooking the broad channel of the Jumna, with the snow-white domes of the Taj showing in the distance. Close to the balustrade of this terrace is placed a broad and solid slab of black stone, on which the throne of Akbar was set, while he administered justice to the crowds of his people assembled in the courtyard below. The stone is cracked right across, and there are rusty-red stains upon it, due, no doubt, to some ferreous oxide in the marble. The Khadim, however, tells you that the seat of the Emperor broke spontaneously and in indignation when the Jat usurper first sat there; and

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that the gout of blood appeared on it because of his tyranny. Close at hand, approached by hidden passages, is the Muchchi Bhawan, a quadrangle of marble kiosks and pavilions, the central hollow of which was once filled with water and stocked with gold and silver fish; and there is a pretty open turret, with satin-white seats and pierced windows, from which the lovely ladies of the Court were wont to angle.

Yet again you wander, by a corridor of marble and some shining steps, by once-secret bowers of the zenana and bath-rooms, cool in the hottest noon, to a pair of brazen gates, spoil brought by Akbar from Chittore; and these admit the delighted visitor to a small, secluded mosque, dedicated to the use of those same lovely queens and odalisques of the Great Mogul for their daily devotions. Here is the Nagina, or 'Gem'—all of white marble, and delicately beautiful enough for the knees of the sweetest and stateliest of votaries. But it is a seed-pearl only to the Great Pearl adjoining, the famous Moti Musjid, the edifice which is a fair and perfect sister to Shah Jahan's other consummate work, the Taj Mahal. A heavy door of carved timber is thrust open by the Khadim, and you stand in a Muslim shrine, where only two colours are needed by the artist who would endeavour to depict it—the blue of the enroofing sky and the silvery white of the surrounding alabaster. All is sapphire and snow; a sanctuary without any ornament except its own supreme and spotless beauty of surface and material. The milky cupolas crown the holy place of prayer, approached by milk-white steps from the white enclosure, in the middle of which opens a marble tank, within the waters whereof the fifty-eight white pillars of the cloister glass their delicate twelve-sided shafts and capitals of subtle device. It is not quite exact to write that this Pearl of all Churches has no embellishment. Passages from the

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Koran are inscribed over some of the doorways and engrailed arches, in flowing Arabic, wrought of black marble, deftly inlaid upon the tender purity of the alabaster. The delicate stone itself has here and there tints of rose colour, of pale amber, and of faint blue, and is carved on many a panel and pilaster into soft fancies of spray and flower, scroll and arabesque. These slight variations from the prevailing pureness of the surface, however, no more mar the unsullied appearance of the mosque, than the meandering veins, the flush of the blood, and the shadows of the warm flesh impair the whiteness of a beautiful woman's body:

‘Cool, as to tread in summer-time on snows,
It was to loiter there.’

In 1857 this divine retreat was used by the European refugees as an Hospital and one would think that the wildest delirium of the sick or the wounded must have been calmed into peace by an asylum so quiet, so tender, and so solemn.

In the south-east angle of this palace-crowded Fort they use also, as military cells, the Baoli, or Well-Room, and the other basement apartments whereto the Emperor and his ladies would retreat when the fierce heats of the Indian midsummer had wearied him of state, and them of prayer in the mosque, or of bargains with the silk-merchants' slaves in the Muchchi-Bhawun. ‘Descending,’ we are told, ‘at early morning and followed by attendants with fruits and music, the royal party could wander about the labyrinths that honeycomb the fort in this direction, whose windows look on the river at the base of the palace. Arriving at the Baoli they could seat themselves on cushions in the chambers that surrounded the water of the well, and idle away the sultry hours in the manner dwelt on by Persian poets.’

If, indeed, one would realise the pomp and luxury

of this ancient Mogul Court, a very just idea may be gained from M. Bernier's account, who visited Agra during the reign of Shah Jahan. In a letter to M. de la Mothe le Vayer, dated July 1, 1663, contemporaneously translated, the Frenchman writes:

'The king appeared sitting upon his throne, in the bottom of the great hall of the Am-Kas, splendidly apparelled. His vest was of white satin, flowered and raised with a very fine embroidery of gold and silk. His turban was of cloth of gold, having a fowl wrought upon it like a heron, whose foot was covered with diamonds of an extraordinary bigness and price, with a great Oriental topaz, which may be said to be matchless shining like a little sun. A collar of big pearls hung about his neck down to his stomach, after the manner that some heathens wear here their great beads. His throne was supported by six high pillars, or feet, said to be of massive gold, and set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. I am not able to tell you aright neither the number nor the price of this heap of precious stones, because it is not permitted to come near enough to count them, and to judge of their water and purity. Only this I can say, that the big diamonds are there in confusion, and that the throne is estimated to be worth four kouroures of roupies, if I remember well. I have said elsewhere that a roupie is almost equivalent to half-a-crown, a lecque to a hundred thousand roupies, and a kourour to a hundred lecques; so that the throne is valued forty millions of roupies, which are worth about sixty millions of French livres. That which I find upon it best devised are two peacocks covered with precious stones and pearls. Beneath this throne there appeared all the Omrahs in splendid apparel upon a raised ground covered with a great canopy of purpled gold with great golden fringes, and enclosed by a silver balistre. The pillars of the hall were hung with tapestries of purpled gold, having the

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ground of gold; and for the roof of the hall there was nothing but great canopies of flowered satin fastened with red silken cords that had big tufts of silk mixed with threads of gold hanging on them. Below there was nothing to be seen but great silken tapestries, very rich, of an extraordinary length and breadth. In the court there was set abroad a curtain tent as long and large as the hall and more. It was joined to the hall by the upper part, and reached almost as far as to the middle of the court; meantime, it was all inclosed by a great balistre covered with plates of silver. It was supported by three pillars, being of the thickness and height of a bargemast, and by some lesser ones, and they all were covered with plates of silver. It was red from without and lined within with those fine chittes, or cloth painted by a pencil of Masulipatam, purposely wrought and contrived with such vivid colours, and flowers so naturally drawn of a hundred several fashions and shapes, that one would have said it were an hanging parterre. Thus was the great hall of the Am-Kas adorned and set out. As to those arched galleries which I have spoken of that are round about the courts, each Omrah had received order to dress them at his own charges; and, they now striving who should make his own most stately, there was seen nothing but purpled gold above and beneath, and rich tapestries under foot.' .

Yet, all this while, nothing has been written of the Wonder of Agra, and the 'Crown of the World'—the Taj, the Peerless Tomb, built for the fair dead body of Arjamund Banoo Begum by her lord and lover, the Emperor Shah Jahan. In truth, it is difficult to speak of what has been so often described, the charm of which remains, nevertheless, quite indescribable. As a matter of course, our first hours in Agra were devoted to contemplation of that tender elegy in marble, which by its beauty has made immortal the

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loveliness that it commemorates. The Tartar princes and princesses from whom sprang the proud line of the Moguls were wont in their lifetime to choose a piece of picturesque ground, to enclose it with high walls, embellish its precincts with flower-beds and groves of shady trees, and to build upon it a Bara-duri, a 'twelve-gated' Pleasure House, where they took delight during the founder's life. When he died the pavilion became a mausoleum, and never again echoed with song and music. Perhaps the fair daughter of Asuf-Khan, Shah Jahan's Sultana, had loved this very garden in her life, for her remains were laid, at death, in its confines, while the Emperor commissioned the best artificers of his time to build a resting-place for her dust worthy of the graces of mind and body which are recorded in the Persian verse upon her grave.

In all the world no queen had ever such a monument. You have read a thousand times all about the Taj; you know exactly—so you believe—what to expect. There will be the gateway of red sandstone with the embroidered sentences upon it from the 'Holy Book,' the demi-vault inlaid with flowers and scrolls, then the green garden opening a long vista over marble pavements, between masses of heavy foliage and mournful pillars of the cypress, ranged like sentinels to guard the solemnity of the spot. At the far end of this vista, beyond the fountains and the marble platform, amid four stately white towers, you know what sweet and symmetrical dome will be beheld, higher than its breadth, solid and majestic, but yet soft and delicate in its swelling proportions and its milk-white sheen. Prepared to admire, you are also aware of the defects alleged against the Taj—the rigidity of its outlines, the lack of shadow upon its unbroken front and flanks, and the coloured inlaying said to make it less a triumph of architecture than of mosaic work, an illustration somewhat too striking and lavish of what is declared

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of the Moguls, that they 'designed like giants, and finished like jewellers.' You determine to judge it dispassionately, not carried away by the remembrance that twenty-thousand workmen were employed for twenty-two years in its construction, that it cost hard upon two million pounds sterling, and that gems and precious stones came in camel-loads from all parts of the earth to furnish the inlayers with their material. Then you pass beneath the stately portal—in itself sufficient to commemorate the proudest of princesses—and as the white cupola of the Taj rises before the gaze and reveals its beauty—grace by grace—as you pace along the paved avenue, the mind refuses to criticize what enchants the eye and fills the heart with a sentiment of reverence for the royal love which could thus translate itself into alabaster. If it be time of sunlight the day is softened to perpetual afternoon by the shadows cast from the palms and peepuls, the thuja trees, and the pomegranates, while the hot wind is cooled by the scent of roses and jasmine. If it be moonlight, the dark avenue leads the gaze mysteriously to the soft and lofty splendour of that dome. In either case, when the first platform is reached, and the full glory of this snow-white wonder comes into sight, one can no more stay to criticize its details than to analyse a beautiful face suddenly seen. Admiration, delight, astonishment blend in the absorbed thought with a feeling that human affection never struggled more ardently, passionately, and triumphantly against the oblivion of Death. There is one sustained, harmonious, majestic sorrowfulness of pride in it, from the verse on the entrance which says that 'the pure of heart shall enter the Gardens of God,' to the small, delicate letters of sculptured Arabic upon the tombstone which tell, with a refined humility, that Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the 'Exalted of the Palace,' lies here, and that 'Allah alone is powerful.'

The Garden helps the Tomb, as the Tomb dignifies the Garden. It is such an orderly wilderness of rich vegetation as could only be had in Asia, broad flags of banana belting the dark tangle of banyan and bamboo, with the white pavements gleaming crosswise through the verdure. Yet if the Taj rose amid the sands of a dreary desert, the lovely edifice would beautify the waste, and turn it into a tender parable of the desolation of death, and the power of love, which is stronger than death. You pace round the four sides of the milk-white monument, pausing to observe the glorious prospect over the Indian plains, commanded from the platform on that face where Jumna washes the foot of the wall. Its magnitude now astounds. The plinth of the Taj is over one hundred yards each way, and it lifts its golden pinnacle two hundred and forty-four feet in the sky. From a distance this lovely and aerial dome sits therefore above the horizon like a rounded cloud. And having paced about it, and saturated the mind with its extreme and irresistible loveliness, you enter reverently the burial-place of the Princess Arjamund, to find the inner walls of the monument as much a marvel of subtle shadow and chastened light, decked with delicate jewellery, as the exterior was noble and simple. On the pure surface of this Hall of Death, and upon the columns, panels, and trellis-work of the marble screens surrounding the tomb, are patiently inlaid all sorts of graceful and elaborate embellishments—flowers, leaves, berries, scrolls, and sentences—in jasper, coral, bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, nacre, onyx, turquoise, sardonyx, and even precious gems. Moreover, the exquisite Abode of Death is haunted by spirits as delicate as their dwelling. They will not answer to rude noises, but if a woman's voice be gently raised in notes of hymn or song, if a chord is quietly sounded, echoes in the marble vault take up the music, repeat, diversify and amplify it with strange

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combinations of melodious sounds, slowly dying away and re-arising, as if Ibrafil, 'who has the sweetest voice of all Allah's angels,' had set a guard of his best celestial minstrels to watch the death-couch of Arjamund. For, under the beautiful screens and the carved trellis-work of alabaster is the real resting-place of the 'Exalted One of the Palace.' She has the centre of the circular area, marked by a little slab of snow-white marble; while by her side—a span loftier in height, because he was man and Emperor, but not displacing her from the pre-eminence of her grace and beauty—is the stone which marks the resting-spot of Shah Jahan, her lord and lover. He has immortalised—if he could not preserve alive for one brief day—his peerless wife; yet the pathetic moral of it all is written in a verse hereabouts from the Hudees, or 'traditions.' It runs—after reciting the styles and titles of 'His Majesty, King of Kings, Shadow of Allah, whose Court is as Heaven'—'Saith Jesus (on whom be peace), This world is a bridge! pass thou over it, but build not upon it! This world is one hour; give its minutes to thy prayers; for the rest is unseen.'

—*India Revisited.*

DR. ZOO

(SAMUEL BUTLER)

I HAD expected that he would now rapidly recover, and was disappointed to see him get as I thought decidedly worse. Indeed, before long I thought him looking so ill that I insisted on his going with me to consult one of the most eminent doctors in London. This gentleman said there was no acute disease but that my young friend was suffering from nervous prostration, the result of long and severe mental suffering, from which there was no remedy except time, prosperity, and rest. . . .

He thought a little and then said.

‘I have found the Zoological Gardens of service to many of my patients. I should prescribe for Mr. Pontifex a course of the larger mammals. Don’t let him think he is taking them medicinally, but let him go to their house twice a week for a fortnight, and stay with the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the elephants, till they begin to bore him. ♦ The monkeys are not a wide enough cross; they do not stimulate sufficiently. The larger carnivora are unsympathetic. The reptiles are worse than useless, and the marsupials are not much better. Birds again, except parrots, are not beneficial; he may look at them now and again, but with the elephants and the pig tribe generally he should mix just now as freely as possible.

‘Then, you know, to prevent monotony I should send him, say, to morning service at the Abbey, before he goes. He need not stay longer than the

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Te Deum. I don't know why, but Jubilates are seldom satisfactory. Let him look in at the Abbey, and sit quietly in Poets' Corner till the main part of the music is over. Let him do this two or three times, not more, before he goes to the Zoo.

'Then next day send him down to Gravesend by boat. By all means let him go to the theatres in the evenings—and then let him come to me again in a fortnight.'

Had the doctor been less eminent in his profession I should have doubted whether he was in earnest, but I knew him to be a man of business who would neither waste his own time nor that of his patient. As soon as we were out of the house we took a cab to Regent's Park, and spent a couple of hours in sauntering round the different houses. Perhaps it was on account of what the doctor had told me, but I certainly became aware of a feeling I had never experienced before. I mean I was receiving an influx of new life, or deriving new ways of looking at life—which is the same thing—by the process. I found the doctor quite right in his estimate of the larger mammals as the ones which on the whole were most beneficial, and observed that Ernest who had heard nothing of what the doctor had said to me, lingered instinctively in front of them. As for the elephants, especially the baby elephant, he seemed to be drinking in large draughts of their lives to the re-creation and regeneration of his own.

We dined in the gardens, and I noticed with pleasure that Ernest's appetite was already improved. Since this time, whenever I have been a little out of sorts myself I have at once gone up to Regent's Park, and have invariably been benefited. I mention this here in the hope that some one or other of my readers may find the hint a useful one.

At the end of his fortnight my hero was much better, more so even than our friend the doctor had

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expected. 'Now,' he said, 'Mr. Pontifex may go abroad, and the sooner the better. Let him stay a couple of months.'

This was the first Ernest had heard about his going abroad, and he talked about my not being able to spare him for so long. I soon made this all right.

'It is now the beginning of April,' said I, 'go down to Marseilles at once and take a steamer to Nice. Then saunter down the Riviera to Genoa—from Genoa go to Florence, Rome and Naples, and come home by way of Venice and the Italian Lakes.'

'And won't you come too?' said he, eagerly.

I said I did not mind if I did, so we began to make our arrangements next morning, and completed them within a very few days.

— *The Way of All Flesh.*

DR. SKINNER

(SAMUEL BUTLER)

HIS personal appearance was not particularly prepossessing. He was about the middle height, portly, and had a couple of fierce grey eyes, that flashed fire from beneath a pair of great bushy beetling eyebrows and overawed all who came near him. It was in respect of his personal appearance, however, that if he was vulnerable at all, his weak place was to be found. His hair when he was a young man was red, but after he had taken his degree he had a brain fever which caused him to have his head shaved; when he reappeared he did so wearing a wig, and one which was a good deal further off red than his own hair had been. He not only never discarded his wig, but year by year it had edged itself a little more and a little more off red, till by the time he was forty, there was not a trace of red remaining, and his wig was brown.

When Doctor Skinner was a very young man, hardly more than five and twenty, the headmastership of Roughborough Grammar School had fallen vacant, and he had been unhesitatingly appointed. The result justified the selection. Doctor Skinner's pupils distinguished themselves at whichever University they went to. He moulded their minds after the model of his own, and stamped an impression on them which was indelible in after-life; whatever else a Roughborough man might be, he was sure to make every one feel that he was a God-fearing earnest Christian and a Liberal, if not a Radical, in politics.

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Some boys of course were incapable of appreciating the beauty and loftiness of Doctor Skinner's nature. Some such boys, alas! there will be in every school; upon them Doctor Skinner's hand was very properly a heavy one. His hand was against them, and theirs against him during the whole time of the connexion between them. They not only disliked him, but they hated all that he more especially embodied, and throughout their lives disliked all that reminded them of him. Such boys, however, were in a minority, the spirit of the place being decidedly Skinnerian.

I once had the honour of playing chess with this great man. It was during the Christmas holidays, and I had come down to Roughborough for a few days to see Alethea Pontifex (who was then living there) on business. It was very gracious of him to take notice of me, for if I was a light of literature at all it was of the very lightest kind. . . .

The game had been a long one, and at half past nine, when supper came in, we had each of us a few pieces remaining. 'What will you take for supper, Dr. Skinner?' said Mrs. Skinner in a silvery voice.

He made no answer for some time, but at last in a tone of almost superhuman solemnity, he said first, 'Nothing,' and then 'Nothing whatever.'

By and by, however, I had a sense come over me as though I was nearer the consummation of all things than I had ever yet been. The room seemed to grow dark as an expression came over Dr. Skinner's face, which showed that he was about to speak. The expression gathered force, the room grew darker and darker. 'Stay,' he at length added, and I felt that there at any rate was an end to suspense which was rapidly becoming unbearable. 'Stay—I may presently take a glass of water—and a small piece of bread and butter.'

As he said the word 'butter' his voice sank to a

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hardly audible whisper; then there was a sigh as though of relief when the sentence was concluded, and the universe this time was safe.

Another ten minutes of solemn silence finished the game. The doctor rose quickly from his seat and placed himself at the supper table. 'Mrs. Skinner,' he exclaimed jauntily, 'what are those mysterious looking objects surrounded by potatoes?'

'Those are oysters, Dr. Skinner.'

'Give me some and give Overton some.'

And so on till he had eaten a good plate of oysters, a scallop shell of minced veal nicely browned, some apple tart, and a hunk of bread and cheese. This was the small piece of bread and butter.

The cloth was now removed and tumblers with teaspoons in them, a lemon or two and a jug of boiling water were placed upon the table. Then the great man unbent. His face beamed.

'And what shall it be to drink?' he exclaimed persuasively. 'Shall it be brandy and water? No. It shall be gin and water. Gin is the more wholesome liquor. So gin it was, hot and stiff too.'

Who can wonder at him, or do anything but pity him? Was he not headmaster of Roughborough School? To whom had he owed money at any time? Whose ox had he taken, or whom had he defrauded? What whisper had ever been breathed against his moral character? If he had become rich it was by the most honourable of means—his literary attainments; over and above his great works of scholarship, his *Meditations upon the Epistle and Character of St. Jude* has placed him amongst the most popular of English theologians; it was so exhaustive that no one who bought it need ever meditate upon the subject again—indeed, it exhausted all who had anything to do with it. He made £5,000 by this work alone and would very likely make another £5,000 before he died. A man who had done all this and

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wanted a piece of bread and butter had a right to announce the fact with some pomp and circumstance. Nor should his words be taken without searching for what he used to call a 'deeper and more hidden meaning.' Those who searched for this even in his lightest utterances would not be without their reward. They would find that 'bread and butter' was Skinnerese for oyster-patties and apple-tart, and 'gin hot,' the true translation of water.

—*The Way of All Flesh.*

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER

(W. H. HUDSON)

AT sunset, when the strong wind from the sea was beginning to feel cold, I stood on the top of the sand-hill looking down at an old woman hurrying about over the low damp ground beneath—a bit of sea-flat divided from the sea by the ridge of sand; and I wondered at her, because her figure was that of a feeble old woman, yet she moved—I had almost said flitted—over that damp level ground in a surprisingly swift light manner, pausing at intervals to stoop and gather something from the surface. But I couldn't see her distinctly enough to satisfy myself: the sun was sinking below the horizon, and that dimness in the air and coldness in the wind at day's decline, when the year too was declining, made all objects look dim. Going down to her I found that she was old, with thin grey hair on an uncovered head, a lean dark face with regular features and grey eyes that were not old and looked steadily at mine, affecting me with a sudden mysterious sadness. For they were unsmiling eyes and themselves expressed an unutterable sadness, as it appeared to me at the first swift glance; or perhaps not that, as it presently seemed, but a shadowy something which sadness had left in them, when all pleasure and all interest in life forsook her, with all affections, and she no longer cherished either memories or hopes. This may be nothing but conjecture or fancy, but if she had been a visitor from another world she could not have seemed more strange to me.

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I asked her what she was doing there so late in the day, and she answered in a quiet even voice which had a shadow in it too, that she was gathering samphire of that kind which grows on the flat saltings and has a dull green leek-like fleshy leaf. At this season, she informed me, it was a fit for gathering to pickle and put by for use during the year. She carried a pail to put it in, and a table-knife in her hand to dig the plants up by the roots, and she also had an old sack in which she put every dry stick and chip of wood she came across. She added that she had gathered samphire at this same spot every August end for very many years.

I prolonged the conversation, questioning her and listening with affected interest to her mechanical answers, while trying to fathom those unsmiling, unearthly eyes that looked so steadily at mine.

And presently, as we talked, a babble of human voices reached our ears, and half turning we saw the crowd, or rather procession, of golfers coming from the golf-house by the links where they had been drinking tea. Ladies and gentlemen players, forty or more of them, following in a loose line, in couples and small groups, on their way to the Golfers' Hotel, a little further up the coast; a remarkably good-looking lot with well-fed happy faces, well dressed and in a merry mood, all freely talking and laughing. Some were staying at the hotel, and for the others a score or so of motor-cars were standing before its gates to take them inland to their homes, or to houses where they were staying.

We suspended the conversation while they were passing us, within three yards of where we stood, and as they passed the story of the links where they had been amusing themselves since luncheon-time came into my mind. The land there was owned by an old, an ancient family; they had occupied it, so it is said, since the Conquest; but the head of the

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house was now poor, having no house property in London, no coal mines in Wales, no income from any other source than the land, the twenty or thirty thousand acres let for farming. Even so he would not have been poor, strictly speaking, but for the sons, who preferred a life of pleasure in town, where they probably had private establishments of their own. At all events they kept race-horses, and had their cars, and lived in the best clubs, and year by year the patient old father was called upon to discharge the debts of honour. It was a painful position for so estimable a man to be placed in, and he was much pitied by his friends and neighbours, who regarded him as a worthy representative of the best and oldest family in the county. But he was compelled to do what he could to make both ends meet, and one of the little things he did was to establish golf-links over a mile or so of sand-hills, lying between the ancient coast village and the sea, and to build and run a Golfers' Hotel in order to attract visitors from all parts. In this way, incidentally, the villagers were cut off from their old direct way to the sea and deprived of those barren dunes, which were their open space and recreation ground and had stood them in the place of a common for long centuries. They were warned off and told that they must use a path to the beach which took them over half a mile from the village. And they had been very humble and obedient and had made no complaint. Indeed, the agent had assured them that they had every reason to be grateful to the overlord, since in return for that trivial inconvenience they had been put to, they would have the golfers there, and there would be employment for some of the village boys as caddies. Nevertheless, I had discovered that they were not grateful but considered that an injustice had been done to them, and it rankled in their hearts.

I remembered all this while the golfers were

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streaming by, and wondered if this poor woman did not, like her fellow-villagers, cherish a secret bitterness against those who had deprived them of the use of the dunes where for generations they had been accustomed to walk or sit or lie on the loose yellow sands among the barren grasses, and had also cut off their direct way to the sea where they went daily in search of bits of firewood and whatever else the waves threw up which would be a help to them in their poor lives.

If it be so, I thought, some change will surely come into those unchanging eyes at the sight of all these merry, happy golfers on their way to their hotel and their cars and luxurious homes.

But though I watched her face closely there was no change, no faintest trace of ill-feeling or feeling of any kind; only that same shadow which had been there was there still, and her fixed eyes were like those of a captive bird or animal, that gaze at us, yet seem not to see us but to look through and beyond us. And it was the same when they had all gone by and we finished our talk and I put money in her hand; she thanked me without a smile, in the same quiet even tone of voice in which she had replied to my question about the samphire.

I went up once more to the top of the ridge, and looking down saw her again as I had seen her at first, only dimmer, swiftly, lightly moving or flitting moth-like or ghost-like over the low flat salting, still gathering samphire in the cold wind, and the thought that came to me was that I was looking at and had been interviewing a being that was very like a ghost, or in any case a soul, a something which could not be described, like certain atmospheric effects in earth and water and sky which are ignored by the landscape painter. To protect himself he cultivates what is called the 'sloth of the eye': he thrusts his fingers into his ears, so to speak, not to hear that mocking voice that

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follows and mocks him with his miserable limitations. He who seeks to convey his impressions with a pen is almost as badly off: the most he can do in such instances as the one related, is to endeavour to convey the emotion evoked by what he has witnessed.

Let me then take the case of the man who has trained his eyes, or rather whose vision has unconsciously trained itself, to look at every face he meets, to find in most cases something, however little, of the person's inner life. Such a man could hardly walk the length of the Strand and Fleet Street or of Oxford Street without being startled at the sight of a face which haunts him with its tragedy, its mystery, the strange things it has half revealed. But it does not haunt him long; another arresting face follows, and then another, and the impressions all fade and vanish from the memory in a little while. But from time to time, at long intervals, once perhaps in a lustrum, he will encounter a face that will not cease to haunt him, whose vivid impression will not fade for years. It was a face and eyes of that kind which I met in the samphire gatherer on that cold evening; but the mystery of it is a mystery still.

—*A Traveller in Little Things.*

QUEEN VICTORIA¹

(EARL BALFOUR)

THE history of this house is not a brief or an uneventful one, but I think it has never met in sadder circumstances than to-day, or had the melancholy duty laid^r m^ore clearly upon it of expressing a universal sorrow—a sorrow extending from one end of the Empire to the other, a sorrow which fills every heart and which every citizen feels, not merely as a national, but also as a personal loss. I do not know how it may seem to others, but, for my own part, I can hardly yet realise the magnitude of the blow which has fallen upon the country—a blow, indeed, sorrowfully expected, but not, on that account, less heavy when it falls. I suppose that, in all the history of the British monarchy, there never has been a case in which the feeling of national grief was so deep-seated as it is at present, so universal, so spontaneous. And that grief affects us not merely because we have lost a great personality, but because we feel that the end of a great epoch has come upon us—an epoch the beginning of which stretches beyond the memory, I suppose, of any individual whom I am now addressing, and which embraces with its compass sixty-three years, more important, more crowded with epoch-making change, than almost any other period of like length that could be selected in the history of the world. It is wonderful to reflect that, before these great changes, now familiar and almost vulgarized by

¹ From an address delivered in the House of Commons.

QUEEN VICTORIA

constant discussion, were thought of or developed—great industrial inventions, great economic changes, great discoveries in science, which are now in all men's mouths—Queen Victoria reigned over this Empire. Yet, Sir,¹ it is not this reflection, striking though it be, which now moves us most deeply. It is not simply the length of the reign, it is not simply the magnitude of the events with which that reign is filled, which have produced the deep and abiding emotion which stirs every heart throughout this kingdom. The reign of Queen Victoria is no mere chronological landmark. It is no mere convenient division of time, useful to the historian or the chronicler. No, Sir, we feel as we do feel for our great loss because we intimately associate the personality of Queen Victoria with the great succession of events which have filled her reign, with the growth, moral and material, of the Empire over which she ruled. And, in so doing, surely we do well. In my judgment, the importance of the Crown in our Constitution is not a diminishing, but an increasing, factor. It increases and must increase with the development of those free, self-governing communities, those new commonwealths beyond the sea, who are constitutionally linked to us through the person of the Sovereign, the living symbol of Imperial unity. But, Sir, it is not given, it cannot, in ordinary course, be given to a constitutional monarch to signalize his reign by any great isolated action. His influence, great as it may be, can only be produced by the slow, constant, and cumulative results of a great ideal and a great example; and in presenting effectively that great ideal and that great example to her people, Queen Victoria surely was the first of all constitutional monarchs whom the world has yet seen. Where shall we find any ideal so lofty in itself,

¹ The Speaker of the House of Commons.

EARL BALFOUR

so constantly and consistently maintained, through two generations, through more than two generations, of her subjects, through many generations of her Ministers and public men?

Sir, it would be almost impertinent for me were I to attempt to express to the House in words the effect which the character of our late Sovereign produced upon all who were in any degree, however remote, brought in contact with her. In the simple dignity, befitting a Monarch of this realm, she could never fail, because it arose from her inherent sense of the fitness of things. And because it was no artificial ornament of office, because it was natural and inevitable, this queenly dignity only served to throw into a stronger relief, into a brighter light, those admirable virtues of the wife, the mother and the woman, with which she was so richly endowed. Those kindly graces, those admirable qualities, have endeared her to every class in the community, and are known to all. Perhaps less known was the life of continuous labour which her position as Queen threw upon her. Short as was the interval between the last trembling signature, affixed to a public document and the final and perfect rest, it was yet long enough to clog and hamper the wheels of administration; and when I saw the accumulating mass of untouched documents which awaited the attention of the Sovereign I marvelled at the unostentatious patience which for sixty-three years, through sorrow, through suffering, in moments of weariness, in moments of despondency, had enabled her to carry on without break or pause, her share in the government of this great Empire. For her there was no holiday, to her there was no intermission of toil. Domestic sorrow, domestic sickness, made no difference in her labours, and they were continued from the hour at which she became our Sovereign to within a few days—I had almost said a few hours—

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of her death. It is easy to chronicle the growth of the Empire, the course of discovery, the progress of trade, the triumphs of war, all the events that make history interesting or exciting; but who is there that will dare to weigh in the balance the effect which such an example, continued over sixty-three years, has produced on the highest life of her people?

It was a great life, and surely it had a happy ending. She found her reward in the undying affection and the passionate devotion of all her subjects, wheresoever their lot might be cast. This has not always been the fate of her ancestors. It has not been the fate of some of the greatest among them. It has been their less happy destiny to outlive contemporary fame, to see their people's love grow cold, to find new generations growing up who know them not, and burdens to be lifted too heavy for their aged arms. Their sun, once so bright, has set amid darkening clouds and the muttering of threatening tempests. Such was not the lot of Queen Victoria. She passed away with her children and her children's children, to the third generation, around her, beloved and cherished of all. She passed away without, I well believe, a single enemy in the world—for even those who loved not England loved her; and she passed away not only knowing that she was—I had almost said adored by her people, but that their feelings towards her had grown in depth and intensity with every year in which she was spared to rule over them. No such reign, no such ending, can the history of this country show us.

GOLCONDA

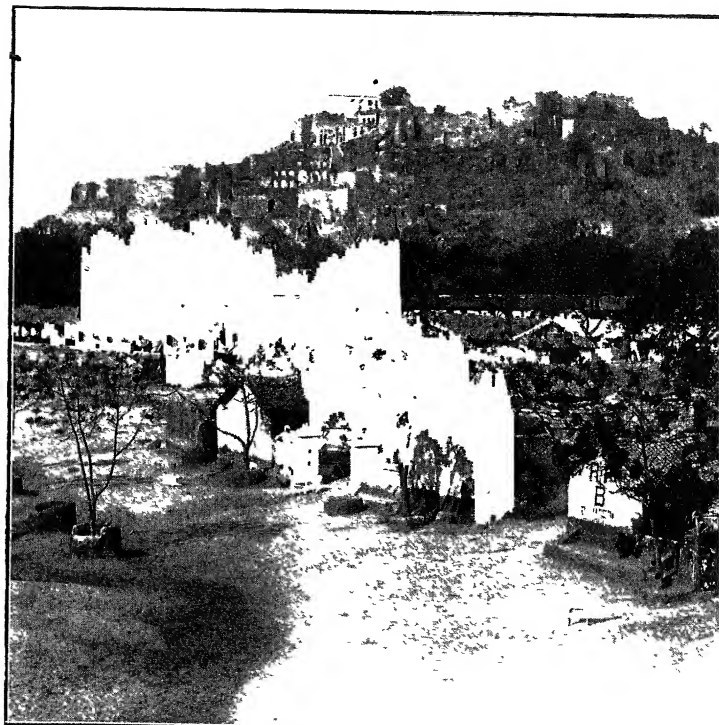
(PIERRE LOTI)

AT the corner of one of the outlying streets of Hyderabad, this inscription can be read upon an old wall—'Road to Golconda.' It would have been equally true to have written up 'Road to Silence and Ruin.'

Passing along the deserted road, from which our horses' feet raise clouds of dust, we first see a number of abandoned little mosques, and many crumbling little minarets of rare elegance and exquisitely beautiful design. Then nothing more. We plunge into the parched and ashy-coloured steppes and see heaps of granitic blocks of such strange shapes that it seems as if they could not belong to our terrestrial sphere.

After driving for an hour we arrive on the banks of a lake, whose waters are so low that its muddy bed is exposed to view. Behind the lake the whole horizon is walled out by a phantom town of the same ashy-gray colour as the surrounding plain. This is Golconda, the city which for three centuries was one of the marvels of India.

It is well known that all cities, palaces, and monuments that man has erected look larger when they are in ruins; but really these ruins are too overwhelming. First there is a crested rampart, at least thirty feet high, furnished with bastions, parapets, and stone watch towers which appear to extend for miles into the desert country: then above this already formidable inclosure there is a cyclopean fortress tower. It is made out of a mountain, one of those strange mountains, one of those agglomerations of



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granite blocks that give the country its appearance of fantastic unreality. The desire for what is gigantic and superhuman which possessed the kings and peoples of the olden days must surely have found here everything to its heart's wish. Amongst the monstrous blocks, walls have been built, inclosed within each other and poised one above another, whilst their crested ramparts intermingle bewilderingly. Close to the edge of the boldest rocks bastions have been thrown out that overhang terrible precipices; mosques have been poised at various heights, and there are complicated arches and prodigious buttresses. The topmost stone of all, from superstition or the whim of design, has been left in its natural state, looking like some great round-backed beast crouching on the highest summit.

At the gates of the dead city, near piles of cannon balls of stone or metal, and of implements from many an ancient siege and battle, there are modern repeating rifles stacked in sheaves. The soldiers of the Nizam and many sentries are on guard, and we have to show a special permit. Access to these ruins is not granted to any comer, for they still constitute an impregnable fortress, and it is reported that the sovereign conceals his treasures here.

Terrible gates, those of Golconda, which will only swing round under the combined efforts of many men. The double leaves of the doors, now lying back in the recesses hollowed out in the thickness of the ramparts, are armed with long and pointed, dart-like, iron spikes, a formidable armature which serves to ward off the elephants, who used to delight in destroying the huge beams with their trunks as they filed past into the city.

As we enter my little convoy suddenly assumes the appearance of European shabbiness in spite of my two drivers with their gilded turbans and the runners who wave large fly-fans round the horses' flanks.

The first street that we come upon after passing through the thick walls is the only one that is at all inhabited. A few poor wretches live here in ruined palaces, and keep modest booths for the benefit of the soldiers.

The rest of the immense inclosure is occupied only by silence and a feeling of emptiness. Golconda is but an ashy plain, bestrewn with fallen stones and ruins of all sorts, from amongst which the rounded and polished backs of primitive blocks, that look like slumbering beasts, are seen to rise. The entire country is covered with such blocks of stone, which sometimes rise to the height of mountains, which dwarf and outlive the puny constructions of man.

The Indian story about these stones of Nizam is that after God had finished the creation of the world he found himself in possession of a quantity of superfluous material, which he then rolled up in his fingers and cast haphazard down upon the earth.

The doors of the citadel, fiercely sheeted with iron spikes, like the gates in the city walls, give access to confused masses of granite, from which one ascends to the open air by roadways or by dismal staircases that lead through fortifications and passages cut out of the naked rock. The whole building is of a vastness which fills with stupefaction, even in this land of India where colossal things are passed unnoticed. The crested walls, intermingling with the rocks, form, even to the very summit, a series of impregnable positions. There are cisterns, consisting of deep caves hollowed out from the bare rock in which water can be kept during times of siege. There are dark holes leading to subterranean passages, which descend to the very heart of this fortified mountain and through which the open country may be reached in cases of supreme danger or of despairing flight.

Mosques are built at various heights, so that when

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danger is nigh prayers may be said to the very last. All has been foreseen and prepared, as if for indefinite resistance against a race of giants, and it is not possible to understand how, some three centuries before our modern guns were invented, the sultans of Golconda could ever have been driven from such a stronghold.

As we ascend, an ever-widening circle of desolation—bathed in a glare of sunlight—lies before us. The masonry becomes more bold and terrifying, but ever more ruined; towers and walls bend and lean, so that our heads reel; great masses seem ready to fall, and we see arches riven by gigantic cracks. There are also the remains of monuments which we cannot comprehend, of which neither the use nor the age is known; and in the caverns there are gods who ruled before Islam, before whom tiny flames flicker and smoke, doubtless lighted here from time to time by some mysterious worshippers.

On the last terrace, at the topmost height of all, there is a mosque and a kiosk from which the sultans in the olden days used to overlook the land and watch for armies approaching from the remotest distances. The view from here, the gardens and the shady nooks, was celebrated in bygone days, but now life has departed from these plains.

The climate has changed and rain is wanting, and it would even seem as if India becomes more parched as the forces of its people wither and decay. Beyond the chaos of the walls and ramparts of the citadel, which extends far down the silent plain, the outer crested wall of the city, still kept in repair by the Nizam, wanders away into the far distance, serving to mark out the limits of the city which was once Golconda, Golconda of the wondrous diamonds. But, one asks, what good purpose can such a wall serve by merely inclosing a patch of desolation which has grown to resemble the immense desolation by which

it is surrounded? Here is the same gray plain with the strange smooth stones that look like herds of monsters crouching amongst the ashes. Further off, Hyderabad is just visible as a white streak, and scattered here and there at the edges of the plain those everlasting blocks of stone, which, heaped into rugged mountains and the semblance of fantastic fortresses, give the impression of an infinite and mournful succession of cities that have perished. At a little distance from the walls of the dead city there are some carefully whitened domes which do not appear to be in ruins. They rise out of inclosed gardens whose verdure still looks astonishingly fresh and green amidst the parched surroundings. They are the tombs of the ancient kings of Golconda, that, thanks to the respect of the Indians for their dead, have been spared from destruction. Nay, more, the great mortuary gardens surrounding them have even been replanted during the last few years.

Many sultans and sultanas of the fairy kingdom slumber under the beautiful and stately cupolas. Only one is wanting to this silent company, that last one who, after having built the dwelling-house that was to last him for eternity, was driven from home and sepulture by the conquering Aurangzeb, driven forth to exile and to death.

Their resting-place is exquisite. Near by stand rows of cypress trees which resemble ours, though the heats of India have caused them to spindle. Nevertheless, such trees are the favourites, chosen of the dead in Eastern cemeteries as they are in our own. The sandy walks, too, with their rows of rose bushes, ruddy with bloom, are as straight as those of our old French gardens. Numbers of women and young girls, whose duty is to tend the artificial luxuriance of this oasis, are occupied from morning to night in pouring the water from the earthen jars which they carry over the flower beds, the precious

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water that has been drawn by men with much toil from wells that are as vast as huge abysses.

Seen from a distance, the coating of whitewash conveys a false impression of preservation to these domes, but all traces of painting and ornamentation have vanished from the interiors of these vast mausoleums, and the luxury of former days has been swallowed up in grayish mould.

However, there are garlands of flowers on each of the little marble tombs standing under the hollow cupolas—reverential and charming reminders of a dynasty which passed away three hundred years ago.

The strange and homelike charm of these gardens, standing in parched wildernesses which are only kept green by constant waterings, is that tall and delicate cypress trees are found side by side with palms, and that humming birds fly boldly over vases of roses just as our butterflies do at home.

—*India.*

EL DORADO

(R. L. STEVENSON)

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irrevocably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where, they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue

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of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he awakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn-parlour; for he fears to come to the end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. 'What!' cried the young fellow, in consternation, 'is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers!' A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a 'sober melancholy' that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like

mustard. You would think, when the child was born there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

'Of making books there is no end,' complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And where we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the farther side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that

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although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realisable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our Chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither. Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way farther, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

FROM THE DEDICATED LIFE

(LORD HALDANE)

THE first duty of life is to seek to comprehend clearly what our strength will let us accomplish, and then to do it with all our might. This may not, regarded from outside, appear to the spectator to be the greatest of possible careers, but the ideal career is the one in which we can be greatest according to the limits of our capacity. A life into which our whole strength is thrown, in which we look neither to the right nor to the left, if to do so is to lose sight of duty—such a life is a dedicated life. The forms may be manifold. The lives of all great men have been dedicated; singleness of purpose has dominated them throughout.

Thus it was with the life of a Socrates, a Spinoza, or a Newton; thus with the lives of men of action such as Caesar and Cromwell and Napoleon. We may well see their limits; theirs was the sphere of what is human, the finite. But they concentrated on the accomplishment of a clearly conceived purpose, and worked with their whole strength, and the greatest of them threw that strength into the striving after what was noblest. They may have perished before their end appeared accomplished in time, and yet they have succeeded.⁶ The quality of their work lay in the very striving itself. The end, a profound modern thinker tells us in a great passage, does not wait to be accomplished; it is always accomplishing itself. 'In our finite human life we never realise or see that the end has in truth been reached. The

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completion of the infinite purpose is thus only the process of removing the illusion that it is not accomplished. The good, the absolutely good, is eternally working itself out in the world, and the result is that it is already there in its perfection, and does not need to wait for us.'

The noblest of souls can find full satisfaction for his best aspirations in the sustained effort to do his duty in the work that lies at hand to the utmost that is in him. It is the function of education in the highest sense to teach him that there are latent in him possibilities beyond what he has dreamed of, and to develop in him capacities of which, without contact with the highest learning, he had never become aware. And so the University becomes, at its best, the place where the higher ends of life are made possible of attainment, where the finite and the infinite are found to come together. The wider our outlook, the more we have assimilated the spirit of the teachers of other nations and other ages than our own, the more will the possibilities of action open to us, and the more real may become the choice of that high aim of man, the dedicated life. We learn so to avoid the unconscious devotion of our energies to that for which we are not fit, and the peril of falling unconsciously into insincerity and unreality of purpose. We learn so to choose the work that is most congenial to us, because we find in it what makes us most keenly conscious that we are bringing into actual existence the best that lies latent in us. The wider outlook, the deeper sympathy, the keener insight, which this kind of culture gives, do not paralyse. They save him who has won them from numberless pitfalls. They may teach him his own limits, and the more he has learned his lesson the more he will realise these limits. But they do not dishearten him, for he has become familiar with the truth that the very essence of consciousness and of

life is to be aware of limits and to strive to overcome them. He knows that without limits there can be no life, and that to have comprehended these limits is to have transcended them. As for what lies beyond him he has realised that it is but as the height in front, which is gained only to disclose another height beyond. He is content with his lot if, and so far as he feels that in him too, as he seeks with all his strength to bring forth the best that is in him, and at the same time to be helpful to others, God is realising Himself.

Such, to my mind, is the lesson which it were the noblest function of the ideal University to set forth, and in this fashion can such a University help to give to the world leaders of men, in thought and in action alike. The spirit which it inspires brings with it the calm outlook which does not paralyse human energy, because it teaches that it is quality and not quantity that counts, and that the eternal lies not far away in some other world, but is present here and now. For the man who has learned in this school the common picture of the future life becomes an image that has been raised to correct the supposed inadequate and contingent character of this one; and, as his insight into the deeper meaning of reality in this world grows, so he realises that his true immortality begins on this side of the grave. To feel himself infinite in his finitude, to learn to accept his closely-bounded life and task as the process in which the side of him that is touched by infinity becomes real, to be aware of the immanence of the Divine in the humblest and saddest consciousness—this is the lesson which each of us may learn, the secret which the teaching of a true University may unlock for us; the teaching of a University, but not in the commonplace and restricted sense. In such a school we are instructed in the theoretical meaning of life as we can hardly be elsewhere. But this is not the only discipline by which,

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we obtain deliverance from the burden of our ignorance, and are led to dedicate ourselves to noble ends. There is a lesson which ought never to be overlooked, and that is the necessity of suppressing the will to live. Before we can command we must learn to obey, and this also a true University life has to teach.

There is innate in the great mass of men and women instinct of obedience to the nature that is higher than their own. In the days in which we live mere rank does not awaken this instinct; in the Anglo-Saxon race the belief in the Divine right of kings has passed away. But even in this forgotten faith we have the spectacle of something that was symbolical of a deeper truth.

Belief in God and submission to His will is the foundation of religion. Belief in the State as real equally with the individual citizens in whom it is realised and whom it controls, this is the foundation of orderly government. It is not a king as individual, it is a king as the symbol of what is highest in national life that to-day commands loyalty. The instinct of obedience shows itself here, but its real foundation resembles the foundation of that other obedience which is made manifest in the religious life. It is the tendency to bow before the truth, to recognize the rational as the real and the real as the rational. In the main, what is highest will assert its authority with the majority of mankind, and assert it in the end successfully.

What is necessary, and what alone is necessary is that what is highest should be made manifest, and that for this purpose the mists of ignorance should be dispelled. The more the leader embodies the quality that is great, the wider and more complete will be his ultimate sway. Time may be required, the time that gives birth to opportunity, but the truth will prevail. History, and the history of

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religion in particular, furnishes us with an unbroken succession of witnesses to this conclusion. A leader may apparently fail, his doctrine may be superseded. But if in his period he has represented the best teaching which the Time Spirit could bring forth, his appeal has never been in vain. His victory may not have been complete until after his death. He himself may have been narrow and even fanatical. He may have given utterance to what seems to us, looking back with a larger outlook, to have been but a partial and inadequate expression of the truth. But the history of knowledge is no record of system cast aside and obliterated by what has succeeded it. Rather is the truth a process of development in which each partial view is gradually corrected by and finally absorbed into what comes after it. There may be, as elements in the process, violent revulsions—revulsions to what proves itself in the end to be as one-sided as that which it has superseded. But, taken over a sufficient tract of time, the process of knowledge in the main displays itself as one in which the truth has turned out to be a larger and deeper comprehension of what for the generation before was the best of which that generation was capable. Thus there is at all times a tendency for a new phase of authority to display itself—the authority which rests either on reason or on the instinct that the highest is to be sought beyond what belongs merely to the moment. And the striving in which this tendency in the end takes shape appears in just a deeper meaning conferred on what is here and now. Sometimes even to a nation the revelation comes suddenly. It awakens from its dogmatic slumber, is awakened perhaps by the sense of impending calamity, and proves at a bound what is the measure of its latent capacity.

So it was with England under Cromwell, with France under Napoleon, with the United States under

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Washington, with Germany under the great leaders of the intellectual awakening of the nineteenth century. So it has been with Japan, the spectacle of whose new and rapid development has just been unrolled before the eyes of this generation. The awakening has come suddenly in such cases, and that awakening of thought and action has been in response to the Higher Command:

‘There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle.
Whereby piled-up honours perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse
Which for once had played unstified, .
Seems the sole work of a lifetime,
That away the rest have trifled,’

In peace as in war, history displays the irresistible nature of this Higher Command where it really has made itself manifest. He who wields it may be humble. If the divine fire of genius has inspired him, no barrier can hold him from the highest recognition—the recognition which is founded on the popular conviction that, at last, in this particular sphere of thought or of action, the truth has been made evident. Sometimes—perhaps more often than not—this Command is wielded, too, by no single man. It may take the form of a great doctrine—the foundation of a penetrating faith, inculcated and enforced by a group of leaders in co-operation, no one of whom would have been great enough to be the head of a nation. This was so with Germany at the commencement of the last century, and it would seem to have been so in the recent instance of Japan. The lesson is that, given an inspiring faith, moral or intellectual, and a sufficiency of men imbued with it and fit to teach and to preach it, no nation need languish for want of a single great leader. The Higher Command is there all the same; it is only differently expressed and manifest. Here, then, it has for long seemed to me, lies the truth

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and twofold function of the University. It is a place of research, where the new and necessary knowledge is to be developed. It is a place of training, where the exponents of that knowledge—the men who are to seek authority based on it—are to be nurtured and receive their spiritual baptism.

Such a University cannot be dependent in its spirit. It cannot live and thrive under the domination either of the Government or the Church. Freedom and development are the breath of its nostrils, and it can recognise no authority except that which rests on the right of the Truth to command obedience. Religion, art, science—these are, for the body of teachers of the true University type, but special and therefore restricted avenues towards that Truth—many-sided as it is, and never standing still. It was Lessing who declared that were God to offer him the truth in one hand and the Search for Truth in the other, he would choose the Search. He meant that, just as the Truth never stands still, but is in its nature a process of evolution, so the mind of the seeker after it can never stand still. Only in the process of daily conquering them anew do we, in this region also, gain life and freedom. And it is in the devotion to this search after the Most High—a search which may assume an infinity of varied forms—that the dedicated life consists; the life dedicated to the noblest of quests, and not to be judged by apparent failure to reach some fixed and rigid goal, but rather by the quality of its striving.

I know no career more noble than that of a life so consecrated. We have each of us to ask ourselves at the outset a great question. We have to ascertain of what we are really capable. For if we essay what it is not given to us to excel in, the quality of our striving will be deficient. But, given the capacity to recognize and seek after what is really the highest in a particular department of life, then it is

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not the attainment of some external goal—itsself of limited and transient importance—but in earnestness and concentration of effort to accomplish what all recognize to be a noble purpose, that the measure of success lies. So it was with Browning's Grammarian. Men laughed at him while he lived. That did not matter. In the end they bowed their heads before him, and when his life was finished laid him to rest in the highest place they knew. For they saw the greatness of spirit of the man who chose what he could best accomplish, limited himself to that, and strove to perfect his work with all his might.

If its Universities produce this spirit in its young men and women, a nation need not despair. The way is steep and hard to tread for those who enter on it. They must lay aside much of what is present and commonly sought after. They must regard themselves as deliberately accepting the duty of preferring the higher to the lower at every turn of daily existence. So only can they make themselves accepted leaders; so only can they aspire to form a part of that priesthood of humanity to whose commands the world will yield obedience.

There is a saying of Jesus with which I will conclude this address, because it seems to me to be, in its deepest interpretation, of profound significance for us, whose concern is for the spirit of this University and for its future influence: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'

—*Universities and National Life.*

MY BOOKS

(GEORGE GISSING)

As often as I survey my bookshelves I am reminded of Lamb's 'ragged veterans.' Not that all my volumes came from the secondhand stall; many of them were neat enough in new covers, some were even stately in fragrant bindings, when they passed into my hands. But so often have I removed, so rough has been the treatment of my little library at each change of place, and, to tell the truth, so little care have I given to its well-being at normal times (for in all practical matters I am idle and inept), that even the comeliest of my books show the results of unfair usage. More than one has been foully injured by a great nail driven into a packing-case—this but the extreme instance of the wrongs they have undergone. Now that I have leisure and peace of mind, I find myself growing more careful—an illustration of the great truth that virtue is made easy by circumstance. But I confess that, so long as a volume hold together, I am not much troubled as to its outer appearance.

I know men who say they had as lief read any book in a library copy as in one from their own shelf. To me that is unintelligible. For one thing, I know every book of mine by its scent, and I have but to put my nose between the pages to be reminded of all sorts of things. My Gibbon, for example, my well-bound eight-volume Milman edition, which I have read and read and read again for more than thirty years—never do I open it but the scent of the noble

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page restores to me all the exultant happiness of that moment when I received it as a prize. Or my Shakespeare, the great Cambridge Shakespeare—it has an odour which carries me yet further back in life; for these volumes belonged to my father, and before I was old enough to read them with understanding, it was often permitted me, as a treat, to take down one of them from the bookcase, and reverently to turn the leaves. The volumes smell exactly as they did in that old time, and what a strange tenderness comes upon me when I hold one of them in hand! For that reason I do not often read Shakespeare in this edition. My eyes being good as ever, I take the Globe volume, which I bought in days when such a purchase was something more than an extravagance; wherefore I regard the book with that peculiar affection which results from sacrifice.

Sacrifice—in no drawing-room sense of the word. Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessities of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I *could* not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs of famine. My Heyne's *Tibullus* was grasped at such a moment. It lay on the stall of the old bookshop in Goodge Street—a stall where now and then one found an excellent thing among quantities of rubbish. Sixpence was the price—sixpence! At that time I used to eat my midday meal (of course, my dinner) at a coffee-shop in Oxford Street, one of the real old coffee-shops, such as now, I suppose, can hardly be found. Sixpence was all I had—yes, all I had in the world; it would purchase a plate of meat

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and vegetables. But I did not dare to hope that the *Tibullus* would wait until the morrow, when a certain small sum fell due to me. I paced the pavement, fingering the coppers in my pocket, eyeing the stall, two appetites at combat within me. The book was bought and I went home with it, and as I made a dinner of bread and butter I gloated over the pages.

In this *Tibullus* I found pencilled on the last page: 'Perlegi, Oct. 4, 1792.' Who was that possessor of the book, nearly a hundred years ago? There was no other inscription. I like to imagine some poor scholar, poor and eager as I myself, who bought the volume with drops of his blood, and enjoyed the reading of it even as I did. How much that was I could not easily say. Gentle-hearted Tibullus!

An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?

So with many another book on the thronged shelves. To take them down is to recall, how vividly, a struggle and a triumph. In those days money represented nothing to me, nothing I cared to think about, but the acquisition of books. There were books of which I had passionate need, books more necessary to me than bodily nourishment. I could see them, of course, at the British Museum, but that was not at all the same thing as having and holding them, my own property, on my own shelf. Now and then I have bought a volume of the raggedest and wretchedest aspect, dishonoured with foolish scribbling, torn, blotted—no matter, I liked better to read out of that than out of a copy that was not mine. But I was guilty at times of mere self-indulgence; a book tempted me, a book which was not one of those for which I really craved, a luxury which prudence might bid me forego. As, for instance, my *Jung-Stilling*. It caught my eye in Holywell Street; the name was familiar to me in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, and

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curiosity grew as I glanced over the pages. But that day I resisted; in truth, I could not afford the eighteenth penny, which means that just then I was poor indeed. Twice again did I pass, each time assuring myself that *Jung-Stilling* had found no purchaser. There came a day when I was in funds. I see myself hastening to Holywell Street (in those days my habitual pace was five miles an hour), I see the little grey old man with whom I transacted my business—what was his name?—the bookseller who had been, I believe, a Catholic priest, and still had a certain priestly dignity about him. He took the volume, opened it, mused for a moment, then, with a glance at me, said, as if thinking aloud: ‘Yes, I wish I had time to read it.’

Sometimes I added the labour of a porter to my fasting endured for the sake of books. At the little shop near Portland Road Station I came upon a first edition of Gibbon, the price an absurdity—I think it was a shilling a volume. To possess those clean-paged quartos I would have sold my coat. As it happened I had not money enough with me, but sufficient at home. I was living at Islington. Having spoken with the bookseller, I walked home, took the cash, walked back again, and carried the tomes from the west end of Euston Road to a street in Islington far beyond the Angel. I did it in two journeys—this being the only time of my life when I thought of Gibbon in avoirdupois. Twice—three times, reckoning the walk for the money—did I descend Euston Road and climb Pentonville on that occasion. Of the season and the weather I have no recollection; my joy in the purchase I had made drove out every other thought. Except, indeed, of the weight. I had infinite energy, but not much muscular strength, and the end of the last journey saw me upon a chair, perspiring, flaccid, aching—exultant!

The well-to-do person would hear this story with

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astonishment. Why did I not get the bookseller to send me the volumes? Or, if I could not wait, was there no omnibus along that London highway? How could I make the well-to-do person understand that I did not feel able to afford, that day, one penny more than I had spent on the book? No, no, such labour-saving expenditure did not come within my scope; whatever I enjoyed I earned it, literally, by the sweat of my brow. In those days I hardly knew what it was to travel by omnibus. I have walked London streets for twelve and fifteen hours together without ever a thought of saving my legs, or my time, by paying for waftage. Being poor as poor can be, there were certain things I had to renounce, and this was one of them.

Years after, I sold my first edition of Gibbon for even less than it cost me; it went with a great many other fine books in folio and quarto, which I could not drag about with me in my constant removals; the man who bought them spoke of them as 'tombstones.' Why has Gibbon no market value? Often has my heart ached with regret for these quartos. The joy of reading the *Decline and Fall* in that fine type! The page was appropriate to the dignity of the subject; the mere sight of it tuned one's mind. I suppose I could easily get another copy now; but it would not be to me what that other was, with its memory of dust and toil.

—*The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.*

RAJGIR: AN ANCIENT BABYLON

(MARGARET NOBLE—SISTER NIVEDITA)

UP, up, up. The long array of steps seems endless, as we climb the steep hillside to reach the dwelling that has been lent us for a few weeks' habitation; and, after all, when we come upon it, it is nothing but a nest of robber-barons, this old manor-house of the Rajas of Annwa. A nest of robber-barons, truly, perched half-way up the mountain and concealed from sight, and yet with a wide stretch of country well in its own purview. Curiously small and unfortified to Western thinking, it consists of two parts—a court on the inside guarded against intrusion and crowned with wide terrace-roofs; and without, a few rooms ranged about two sides of an open square. Its feudal and mediæval character lends the building an interest which its undeniable beauty well sustains. But far beyond either of these considerations is the exciting fact that we are to keep house for twenty-one days in a spot where for a period of from twenty-five to thirty centuries there has been continuously a human habitation. For the great staircase by which we have climbed the rugged hillside is undoubtedly constructed over the foundations of the ancient walls of Rajgir, and the earliest predecessor of the Barons of Annwa must have chosen for his family stronghold to develop one of the buttresses of the guardroom of the selfsame walls, occurring on a small plateau. Below us lies the floor of the winding pass with the stream that forms a moat at the foot of our mountain-stairway. In front a great curving stair-

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case, constituting what our modern railway companies would call a loop of the fort, protects those temples and hot springs of Rajgir which still form the objective of a yearly Hindu pilgrimage. And out in the open, a stone's throw away as it seems in this clear, plain atmosphere, but really perhaps a mile by the road, is the modern village of Rajgir, anciently Raja-Griha, the city or dwelling-place of kings.

Already the villagers are showing us friendly attentions. The servant who has come with us was born a few miles away, and his womenfolk are arriving with our first meal in hospitable readiness. The peasant-guard have established themselves in the outer rooms for our protection, and a small boy of the neighbourhood is clamouring to be taken on as an attendant. It is as if we were guests of Semiramis in Nineveh of old! It is like pitching our tent on the ruins of Babylon, and entering into friendly relations with lineal descendants of the ancient inhabitants!

How beautiful is the country that lies stretched before us! Outward from the mouth of our twisting pass, at Christmas time or thereabouts, it will be covered in the green of rice and other crops, with every here and there a field of white opium-poppies in full bloom. But now, at the change of the season in October, we see here fields as patches of many-coloured earth—purple and brown and red—and we remember the words of Buddha, half laughing doubtless yet full of affectionate memory and tenderness, of one who said to a disciple in a much-patched garment that he reminded him of the ricefields about Rajgir.

A quarter of a mile behind us the hills open out into a circle, and here lie the ruins of the ancient city of kings—wonderfully clear and distinct in every part of them. We almost might trace out the very lines of the bazaars. With regard to streets and roads, it sounds dangerously near truism to say that they retain their positions with little change from age to age

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yet I do not know that the fact has been much noted. Here in Rajgir at any rate, where hundreds of cows and buffaloes, sheep and goats, are driven daily by the herds to and from the ancient ruins, many of the main roadways remain much as they must have been in the dim past. Here, for instance, is the thoroughfare that ran through the city, with traces at a certain point near the centre of the palace walls, bastions, and gateways; and here beyond the palace are the outlines of the royal pleasure-grounds, with their wonderfully engineered ornamental waters intact to this day. All through this little mountain-arena and the pass that leads to it, indeed, there has been an extraordinary amount of hydraulic engineering. It would seem as if the fame of the hot springs must have been the original cause of the royal settlement in this natural fortress, and the artificial development of its streams the main occupation of the kingly line thereafter. Even now below our own walled and moated manor lies an empty tank that two thousand years ago most likely held lotuses in a park. Even now the river that runs through the valley, though naturally one, is divided in parts into two and even three streams, forming a network that is enough to show us the attention that must have been paid in ancient India to the problems of irrigation, in order to give birth to so marvellous a degree of hydraulic science. Far away in Central India is a monumental building, of an age some two hundred years later than that of Old Rajgir, which shows by its ornamental cascades the same engineering genius, and the same royal idea of beauty and magnificence as we find here. Well may the Indian people glory in the ancestry which already lived in this splendour, while that of Northern and Western Europe went clad in painted woad.

There can be few places in the world so old as Rajgir, about which so much is definitely known and

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so much safely to be inferred. It was in all probability about the year 590 B.C.—in a world in which Babylon and Phœnicia and Egypt and Sheba were of all facts most living and important—it was about the year 590 B.C. that there came along the road leading into the valley yonder, one whose very form was radiant with feeling and thought, that lifted Him above the common world into that consciousness that makes history.

It may have been early morning when He came. For the books say that the great company of goats was being led up at that moment for the royal sacrifice; fixed, it may have been, for about the hour of noon. Or it may have been about the time of cowdust, on the eve of the festival, and the herdsmen may have intended to stable their goats for that night outside the palace. In any case He came, some say carrying on His shoulder a lame kid, followed by the patter of thousands of little hoofs. He came, moreover, in a passion of pity. A veritable storm of compassion had broken loose within Him on behalf of these, the helpless 'little brothers' of humanity, who were caught like man himself in the 'net of pain and pleasure, of life and death; bewildered like man by love and sorrow, but who unlike man for want of speech could neither express their perplexity nor form a conception of release. Surely they crowded round Him, and rubbed themselves against Him again and again, the gentle, wondering, four-footed things! For the animals are strangely susceptible to the influence of a silent love that has no designs on their life or freedom. All the legends of the world tell us that they catch the hush of Christmas Eve, respond to the eager questioning of the Child Dhruva, and understand that unmeasured yearning to protect them which may be read in the eyes of the Lord Buddha on the road that goes up to the palace of Rajgir.

We had been some time in the place before we

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noticed that it was on one particular islet in the river below us that the village death-fires might so often be seen at evening. It was a very ancient custom in India to burn the dead by the stream-side just outside the town. But this sandbank was far away from the village. Hardly could they have chosen a point less easily accessible. Ah, yes! certainly there was the explanation; the burning ghat of these peasants in the twentieth century must be still where their ancestors had chosen it, in the fifth, in the first—aye, even for centuries before that—may be immediately without the city of Old Rajgir. It takes a peculiar angle of vision, and perhaps a peculiar mood of passivity, to see the trees turn into a forest when the existence of such was previously unsuspected. So I shall not attempt to guess how many more evenings elapsed before, as we went along the roadway on the far side of the burning ghat, one of us noted the broken steps and the entwined tamarind and bo-trees that marked the old-time ghat of Rajgir. Nor do I know how many more days went by before there came to some one of us the flash of insight that led us finally to discover that the mass of fallen masonry close by was that very ancient gateway of the city through which Buddha himself with the goats must have passed, and brought to our notice the domelike head of an old stupa lying in the dust a few feet away.

Passing through the gate and standing at the opening of the theatre-like valley, we find that the river which flows out of the city as one, is made up of two streams which between them encircle the royal city as a moat, even within its girdle of mountains and its enclosing walls. They join at this point. Leaving unexplored that which flows towards us from the left part of the garden of Ambapali, the Indian Mary Magdalene, and past the abodes of many of the characters who figure in the narrative of Buddha's

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life, we may turn to that branch which comes to us from the right.

A world of discoveries awaits us here! The path leads us across to the water, but this is easily forded by stepping-stones which may still be detected as fragments of an ancient bathing ghat. Evidently bathing and the bathing ghat were as prominent in the Indian civilization twenty-five centuries ago as they are to-day. Then the road follows the stream-side at a distance of some fifty yards more or less from the line of mountains on the right. About midway through the city the face of this mountain is pierced by a great cave, known to-day to the peasants of the countryside as the Sonar Bhandar or Golden Treasury. The interior of this cave is polished, not carved. There stands in it, as if some party of robbers had been interrupted in an attempt to carry it away, the earliest stupa I have ever seen. The outside is half concealed by shrubs and creepers. But even now the mortice-holes remain that show where the carved wooden ornaments were once attached. And even now as we stand at the entrance we see in the distance, in the middle of the city, the tower that Fa Hiam noted as still intact and visible in the year A.D. 404, crowning a small stupa or well to the east of the palace.

This cave then was the cathedral of Old Rajgir. Here Buddha must have rested or meditated or taught; and there must, suggested some member of our party, have been a roadway connecting it directly with the palace. Acting on this clue, we proceeded to brush aside the wild growths and explore the line between the two. Outside the cave we found a level floor of ancient asphalt, a sort of Venetian Plaza de San Marco as it were. This was evidently the town square. We read a reference in one of the old Chinese suttas of a certain place in Rajgir—as the place where the peacocks were fed. 'The place where the

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peacocks were fed'; how our minds had lingered over the words when we first read them! And now here we stand. For undoubtedly just as the pigeons are fed outside St. Paul's, so on this asphalt plaza, before the cathedral entrance in an Eastern city, it fitted the royal dignity and bounty that peacocks should be daily given grain.

The asphalt runs down to the river and across it. For the water still flows under the ancient bridge, and we can walk on it though its level is somewhat sunken. Easily, then, we make our way to the royal mansion, clearly marked as this is at its four corners by the foundations of four bastion towers. But turning again to the bridge, we find an unbroken line of this same asphalt running along the bank by the way we have come, though sooth to say we might never have noticed it if we had not been tracing it out from the conspicuous mass.

Was this, the river-front opposite to the palace, protected by the steep hills behind, and running from the town plaza to the bathing ghat beyond, and across this to the city gates—was this the High Street of the ancient town? Every now and again, as day after day we pace brooding up and down the distance, every now and again we come upon some hitherto unnoticed mass of masonry or mason's tool-marks. Here are a couple of blocks lying on their sides as if to form a seat in a river-wall. Here again traces of steps or fallen ornaments. At one place on the opposite bank, deeply sunk between masses of earth and vegetation, there runs down to the riverside a small ravine that would now pass as a gully if the pavement or ancient asphalt did not prove it—in days before Pompeii and Herculaneum were born—to have been a street.

} What were the houses like that looked down upon these footways? What was the life that was lived in them? How long had the place been a city? How

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long did it continue to be one? What were the surroundings in the height of its glory of this abode of kings, now an austere and desolate ruin? These and a thousand other questions crowd upon us, and it is strange to how many of them we can give an answer. The rushing rains of Indian summers have long washed away most of the soil from the hanging gardens that once clothed the hillsides, and made the prospect from the palace to the gates, and beyond them through the pass leading out into the plains, a veritable vision of delight.

But still the artificial terraces of red trap-rock are smooth and level amidst the out-cropping masses of natural crags, and still the wanderer may take his stand on some spot whence Bimbisara the King was wont to look upon the glories of his inheritance, or, with difficulty at one or two points, may trace the way through the old pleasnace by which doubtless royal hunting-parties may have started for the forest-glades. To-day, it is true, there are no rich woodlands covering slopes and mountain-tops, as in the royal ages. Wild undergrowth, dense shrubs, and here and there a twisted palm growing in a cranny are all that can stand for the lofty timbers, dense aisles of the days when the place was a paradise, a king's garden surrounding a king's palace. And still at the back of the ruined city, guarding it from the passes on the south and east, we find the double walls of enormous thickness.

The square mortice-holes in the face of the rock out of which the great Sonar Bhandar is hollowed, give us a clue that enables us to rebuild, mentally, the ancient city. For these mortice-holes held the attachments of the wooden ornaments that formed the front of the cave. Now, between Bombay and Poona, on the west of India, is another cave, that of Karli, which though of a much later date must be of the same style and period as this, and there the wooden

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front is still intact. Moreover, the carvings form a picture, as Fergusson has pointed out, of an ancient street, from which we gather that the second storeys of houses standing in rows were decorated in front with crowded wooden verandahs, porches, niches, and all sorts of beautiful and irregular curved corners. That these, further, were not mere devices of beauty in the case of the houses, as they were in those of the caves, we see in the pictures which were carved, probably in the first or second century A.D., on the gateways of Sanchi. From these we can gather an idea of what the palace of Bimbisara and the homes of his subjects must have been like. The first storey, then, was massive, sloping inwards and upwards, loopholed and buttressed at its four corners by four circular towers. The first storey only was built of stone, and its parapet was battlemented. On the strong terrace provided by the roof of this fortification were constructed the family living rooms, which were of wood and much carved. That it would have been possible, however, to withdraw the women into the lower storey in time of war may be seen from buried ruins at Ujjain, which are shown by the Pandas as part of Vikramaditya's palace, and appear to have belonged to a fortress of Asoka's time. Here, built of hard grey stone now black with age, we have what seems to be the inside corner, and part of the courtyard, of just such a building as the Sanchi sculptures would lead us to expect as the dwelling of a king or noble. Outside, the walls would be almost blind; inside, they are honeycombed with many-pillared halls and verandahs, and one room with raised floor that represents an old Indian form of bedchamber and bed in one. In times of peace these were, we may suppose, the quarters assigned to men-at-arms. The building is of a massiveness that rivals nature, and there are a few pillars still left—amongst the many that the succeeding sovereigns decorated in

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different degrees and different styles—whose simplicity of form enables any observer that knows Sanchi to feel fairly confident in assigning the building as a whole to the reign of Asoka, or earlier.

Of such a form, then, though perhaps smaller and less elaborate, may we suppose the palace of Rajgir to have been, and in the streets about it the more plebeian dwellings of the townsfolk must, though small and comparatively huddled, have been like unto it. True, their lower storeys would be built, in all probability, even as the huts of the Rajgir pilgrims are to this day, of mud and pebbles, instead of lordly stone. From hillocks formed of such deposits, anyone may pick out by the streamside, at various different levels, bits of old household pottery. But the facings and tops of the shops and houses, were doubtless of carved wood, and the front of the cathedral was a faithful enough reflex of the life of the town. Through such streets, while the king stood watching him from the roof of the palace, paced the Sakya Prince, 'a lad in his first youth,' ere yet he was Buddha, and no honour that Bimbisara could offer would tempt him from that bridal of Poverty in which alone his mind delighted. 'This life of the household is pain, free only is he who lives in the open air'; thinking thus he embraced the life of the wandering monk.

Far away from Rajgir, in the north of Rajputana, we have Amber and Jaipur, a couple of cities which every visitor to India tries to see. Of these, Amber is situated in the highlands, and Jaipur out in the plain, Amber being, of course, very much the older of the two. It is in fact an old Indian doctrine that no city should occupy the same ground for more than a thousand years. It is supposed that a potent means of avoiding pestilence and other ills is then to move off and occupy new space. In accordance with this canon the new city of Jaipur was laid out. And when all

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was finished, the Maharaja moved into the new town with all his people.

Now this history of Amber and Jaipur, enacted in modern India and still fresh in the memory of the Rajput people, is our guide to much in the history of Old Rajgir. For in the lifetime of Buddha, the son of Bimbisara—the tragic king, Ajatasatru, across whose path falls the red shadow of a father's murder!—found that the time had come to move the city of kings, and he accordingly built a new city with walls and gates like the last but out in the open plain. And there the grass-covered ruin lies to this day, to the west of the present village, the grave of a city, the memorial of New Rajgir.

Bimbisara was the king of Magadha in the days of the Great Renunciation. Ajatasatru was king at the death of Buddha. But we know, from the fact of the desertion of their highland stronghold and its rebuilding outside, that for five hundred years at least before their time there had been a city on the sight of Old Rajgir.

Nor need we think that the city thus built was only a palace and its appurtenances. The fact that it actually became the new centre of population, forming the direct ancestor of the present village, shows itself two hundred years later, when the great Asoka, desiring to build fitting memorials to Him whom the emperor delighted to honour, chose its north-western corner, on the left hand of the main gateway, whereat to place a stupa and Asokan pillar with an inscription. As the edicts carved by Asoka on rocks and pillars have the character of proclamations, it follows that the rocks and pillars themselves partake somewhat of the nature of the modern journal, inasmuch as they were the means adopted to publish the royal will, and hence a position could never be selected for them at a distance from inhabited cities. The inscribed pillar at Sarnath was

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placed at the door or in the courtyard of a monastery. And similarly the inscribed pillars, whose fragments have been found at Pataliputra, were erected in the interior or on the site of the old jail as an act of imperial penance.

We may take it, then, that Old Rajgir was really deserted at about the time of Bimbisara's successor, and, if it was afterwards used as a royal residence, was so used at intervals, as Amber is now. Such then was the city, already ancient, through which Buddha himself has passed time and again and where He was held by all as an honourable guest. Across these fields and up and down these streets, now ruined, or within the massive cathedral-cave of Sonar Bhandar, there echo to this hour the immortal reverberations of Buddha's voice.

Why did He come this way at all? Was it for the sake of the learned men who forgather in the neighbourhood of capitals? Was the famous university of Nalanda of after-ages already perhaps a university, where one might come in the sure hope of finding all the wisdom of the age? It would seem as if, any way, He passed this spot with treasure already in the heart, needing only long years of brooding thought to fuse His whole self in its realization. Unless He was sure of the truth before He reached here, He could not have gone, sure and straight as an arrow from the bow, to the unfrequented forest of bel-trees, with its cave overhanging the river, and its great tree between the farms and ponds, where now the humble village of Bodh-Gaya stands.

—Footfalls of Indian History.

WAR

(GEORGE SANTAYANA)

To fight is a racial instinct; if men have nothing else to fight over they will fight over words, fancies, or women, or they will fight because they dislike each other's looks, or because they have met walking in opposite directions. To knock a thing down, especially if it is cocked at an arrogant angle, is a deep delight to the blood. To fight for a reason and in a calculating spirit is something your true warrior despises; even a coward might screw his courage up to such a reasonable conflict. The joy and glory of fighting lie in its pure spontaneity and consequent generosity; you are not fighting for gain, but for sport and for victory. Victory, no doubt, has its fruits for the victor. If fighting were not a possible means of livelihood the bellicose instinct could never have established itself in any long-lived race. A few men can live on plunder, just as there is room in the world for some beasts of prey; other men are reduced to living on industry, just as there are diligent bees, ants, and herbivorous kine. But victory need have no good fruits for the people whose army is victorious. That it sometimes does so is an ulterior and blessed circumstance hardly to be reckoned upon.

Since barbarism has its pleasures it naturally has its apologists. There are panegyrists of war who say that without a periodical bleeding a race decays and loses its manhood. Experience is directly opposed to this shameless assertion. It is war that

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wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed, and unmanly to breed the next generation. Internecine war, foreign and civil, brought about the greatest set-back which the life of reason has ever suffered; it exterminated the Greek and Italian aristocracies. Instead of being descended from heroes, modern nations are descended from slaves; and it is not their bodies only that show it. After a long peace, if the conditions of life are propitious, we observe a people's energies bursting their barriers; they become aggressive on the strength they have stored up in their remote and unchecked development. It is the unmutated race, fresh from the struggle with nature (in which the best survive, while in war it is often the best that perish), that descends victoriously into the arena of nations and conquers disciplined armies at the first blow, becomes the military aristocracy of the next epoch and is itself ultimately sapped and decimated by luxury and battle, and merged at last into the ignoble conglomerate beneath. Then, perhaps, in some other virgin country a genuine humanity is again found, capable of victory because unbled by war. To call war the soil of courage and virtue is like calling debauchery the soil of love.

Blind courage is an animal virtue indispensable in a world full of dangers and evils where a certain insensibility and dash are requisite to skirt the precipice without vertigo. Such animal courage seems therefore beautiful rather than desperate or cruel, and being the lowest and most instinctive of virtues it is the one most widely and sincerely admired. In the form of steadiness under risks rationally taken, and perseverance so long as there is a chance of success, courage is a true virtue; but it ceases to be one when the love of danger, a useful passion

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when danger is unavoidable, begins to lead men into evils which it was unnecessary to face. Bravado, provocativeness, and a gambler's instinct, with a love of hitting hard for the sake of exercise, is a temper which ought already to be counted among the vices rather than the virtues of man. To delight in war is a merit in the soldier, a dangerous quality in the captain, and a positive crime in the statesman.

The panegyrist of war places himself on the lowest level on which a moralist or a patriot can stand and shows as great a want of refined feeling as of right reason. For the glories of war are all blood-stained, delirious, and infected with crime; the combative instinct is a savage prompting by which one man's good is found in another's evil. The existence of such a contradiction in the moral world is the original sin of nature whence flows every other wrong. He is a willing accomplice of that perversity in things who delights in another's discomfiture or in his own, and craves the blind tension of plunging into danger without reason, or the idiot's pleasure in facing a pure chance. To find joy in another's trouble is, as man is constituted, not unnatural, though it is wicked; and to find joy in one's own trouble, though it be madness, is not yet impossible for man. These are the chaotic depths of that dreaming nature out of which humanity has to grow.

— *Little Essays.*

ON THE RULE OF THE ROAD

(ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH)

THAT was a jolly story which Mr. Arthur Ransome told the other day in one of his messages from Petrograd. A stout old lady was walking with her basket down the middle of a street in Petrograd to the great confusion of the traffic and with no small peril to herself. It was pointed out to her that the pavement was the place for foot-passengers, but she replied: 'I'm going to walk where I like. We've got liberty now.' It did not occur to the dear old lady that if liberty entitled the foot-passenger to walk down the middle of the road it also entitled the cab-driver to drive on the pavement, and that the end of such liberty would be universal chaos. Everybody would be getting in everybody else's way and nobody would get anywhere. Individual liberty would have become social anarchy.

There is a danger of the world getting liberty-drunk in these days like the old lady with the basket, and it is just as well to remind ourselves of what the rule of the road means. It means that in order that the liberties of all may be preserved the liberties of everybody must be curtailed. When the policeman, say, at Piccadilly Circus steps into the middle of the road and puts out his hand, he is the symbol not of tyranny, but of liberty. You may not think so. You may, being in a hurry and seeing your motor-car pulled up by this insolence of office, feel that your liberty has been outraged. How dare this fellow

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interfere with your free use of the public highway? Then, if you are a reasonable person, you will reflect that if he did not, incidentally, interfere with you he would interfere with no one, and the result would be that Piccadilly Circus would be a maelstrom that you would never cross at all. You have submitted to a curtailment of private liberty in order that you may enjoy a social order which makes your liberty a reality.

Liberty is not a personal affair only, but a social contract. It is an accommodation of interests. In matters which do not touch anybody else's liberty, of course, I may be as free as I like. If I choose to go down the Strand in a dressing-gown, with long hair and bare feet, who shall say me nay? You have liberty to laugh at me, but I have liberty to be indifferent to you. And if I have a fancy for dyeing my hair, or waxing my moustache (which heaven forbid), or wearing a tall hat, a frock-coat and sandals, or going to bed late or getting up early, I shall follow my fancy and ask no man's permission. I shall not inquire of you whether I may eat mustard with my mutton. I may like mustard with my mutton. And you will not ask me whether you may be a Protestant or a Catholic, whether you may marry the dark lady or the fair lady, whether you may prefer Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Wordsworth, or champagne to shandygaff.

In all these and a thousand other details you and I please ourselves and ask no one's leave. We have a whole kingdom in which we rule alone, can do what we choose, be wise or ridiculous, harsh or easy, conventional or odd. But directly we step out of that kingdom our personal liberty of action becomes qualified by other people's liberty. I might like to practise on the trombone from midnight till three in the morning. If I went on to the top of Helvellyn to do it I could please myself, but if I do it out in the

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streets the neighbours will remind me that my liberty to blow the trombone must not interfere with their liberty to sleep in quiet. There are a lot of people in the world, and I have to accommodate my liberty to their liberties.

We are all liable to forget this and, unfortunately, we are much more conscious of the imperfections of others in this respect than of our own.

I got into a railway carriage at a country station the other morning and settled down for what the schoolboys would call an hour's 'swot' at a Blue-book. I was not reading it for pleasure. The truth is that I never do read Blue-books for pleasure. I read them as a barrister reads a brief, for the very humble purpose of turning an honest penny out of them. Now, if you are reading a book for pleasure it doesn't matter what is going on around you. I think I could enjoy *Tristram Shandy* or *Treasure Island* in the midst of an earthquake.

But when you are reading a thing as a task you need reasonable quiet, and that is what I didn't get, for at the next station in came a couple of men, one of whom talked to his friend for the rest of the journey in a loud and pompous voice. He was one of those people who remind one of that story of Horn Tooke, who, meeting a person of immense swagger in the street, stopped him and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you someone in particular?' This gentleman was someone in particular. As I wrestled with clauses and sections, his voice rose like a gale, and his family history, the deeds of his sons in the war, and his criticisms of the generals and the politicians submerged my poor attempts to hang on to my job. I shut up the Blue-book, looked out of the window, and listened wearily while the voice thundered on with themes like these: 'Now what French ought to have done . . .' 'The mistake the Germans made . . .' 'If only Asquith had . . .' You know the sort of stuff. I had heard

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it all before, oh, so often. It was like a barrel-organ groaning out some banal song of long ago.

If I had asked him to be good enough to talk in a lower tone I daresay he would have thought I was a very rude fellow. It did not occur to him that anybody could have anything better to do than to listen to him, and I have no doubt he left the carriage convinced that everybody in it had, thanks to him, had a very illuminating journey, and would carry away a pleasing impression of his encyclopædic range. He was obviously a well-intentioned person. The thing that was wrong with him was that he had not the social sense. He was not 'a clubbable man.'

A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of social conduct. It is commonly alleged against women that in this respect they are less civilized than men, and I am bound to confess that in my experience it is the woman—the well-dressed woman—who thrusts herself in front of you at the ticket office. The man would not attempt it, partly because he knows the thing would not be tolerated from him, but also because he has been better drilled in the small give-and-take of social relationships. He has lived more in the broad current of the world, where you have to learn to accommodate yourself to the general standard of conduct, and his school life, his club life, and his games have in this respect given him a training that women are only now beginning to enjoy.

I believe that the rights of small people and quiet people are as important to preserve as the rights of small nationalities. When I hear the aggressive, bullying horn which some motorists deliberately use, I confess that I feel something boiling up in me which is very like what I felt when Germany came rampling like a bully over Belgium. By what right, my dear sir, do you go along our highways uttering that hideous curse on all who impede your path?

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Cannot you announce your coming like a gentleman? Cannot you take your turn? Are you someone in particular or are you simply a hot gossamer of the prophet Nietzsche? I find myself wondering what sort of person it is who can sit behind that hoglike outrage without realising that he is the spirit of Prussia incarnate, and a very ugly spectacle in a civilized world.

And there is the more harmless person who has bought a very blatant gramophone, and on Sunday afternoon sets the thing going, opens the windows and fills the street with *Keep the homes fires burning* or some similar banality. What are the right limits of social behaviour in a matter of this sort? Let us take the trombone as an illustration again. Hazlitt said that a man who wanted to learn that fearsome instrument was entitled to learn it in his own house, even though he was a nuisance to his neighbours, but it was his business to make the nuisance as slight as possible. He must practise in the attic, and shut the window. He had no right to sit in his front room, open the window, and blow his noise into his neighbours' ears with the maximum of violence. And so with the gramophone. If you like the gramophone you are entitled to have it, but you are interfering with the liberties of your neighbours if you don't do what you can to limit the noise to your own household. Your neighbours may not like *Keep the home fires burning*. They may prefer to have their Sunday afternoon undisturbed, and it is as great an impertinence for you wilfully to trespass on their peace as it would be to go, unasked, into their gardens and trample on their flower beds.

There are cases, of course, where the clash of liberties seems to defy compromise. My dear old friend X, who lives in a West End square and who is an amazing mixture of good nature and irascibility, flies into a passion when he hears a street piano, and

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rushes out to order it away. But nearby lives a distinguished lady of romantic picaresque tastes, who dotes on street pianos, and attracts them as wasps are attracted to a jar of jam. Whose liberty in this case should surrender to the other? For the life of me I cannot say. It is as reasonable to like street pianos as to dislike them—and *vice versa*. I would give much to hear Sancho Panza's solution of such a nice riddle.*

I suppose the fact is that we can be neither complete anarchists nor complete socialists in this complex world—or rather we must be a judicious mixture of both. We have both liberties to preserve—our individual liberty and our social liberty. We must watch the bureaucrat on the one side and warn off the anarchist on the other. I am neither a Marxist, nor a Tolstoyan, but a compromise. I shall not permit any authority to say that my child must go to this school or that, shall specialise in science or arts, shall play rugger or soccer. These things are personal. But if I proceed to say that my child shall have no education at all, that he shall be brought up as a primeval savage, or at Mr. Fagin's academy for pickpockets, then society will politely but firmly tell me that it has no use for primeval savages and a very stern objection to pickpockets, and that my child must have a certain minimum of education whether I like it or not. I cannot have the liberty to be a nuisance to my neighbours or make my child a burden and a danger to the commonwealth.

It is in the small matters of conduct, in the observance of the rule of the road, that we pass judgment upon ourselves, and declare that we are civilized or uncivilized. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of commonplace intercourse that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey. I hope my

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friend in the railway carriage will reflect on this. Then he will not cease, I am sure, to explain to his neighbour where French went wrong and where the Germans went ditto; but he will do it in a way that will permit me to read my Blue-book undisturbed. *

—*Pebbles on the Shore.*

A FRIEND OF THE TOWN

(E. V. LUCAS)

LONDONERS know much, but not all. A few secrets are still to be learned only in the 'provinces, and one of them is the true value of the bookstall man. In London a bookstall man is a machine; you throw pennies at him and in return he throws papers at you. Now and then he asks you to buy something that you don't want or recommends the new sevenpenny; but for the most part he treats you as a stranger, if not as a foe, and expects for himself treatment no better.

But in the country. . . .

Make your home in a small country town and see how long you can manage without becoming friendly with the bookstall man. For in the country he is a power. There is no longer any casual flinging of pennies; there is the weather to discuss, and a remark to drop on the headlines in the contents bill. 'Another all-night sitting,' you say, from the security given by eight good hours in bed: 'ah well, if people like to be Members of Parliament, let them!' Then you both laugh. Or, 'What's this?—another new Peer? Well, it will be your turn soon,' you say—and then you both laugh again. But there is something more important than persiflage and gossip—there is the new novel to choose from the circulating library. For in the country the bookstall man is also the librarian and adviser; he not only sells papers but he controls the reading of the neighbourhood. His advice is sound. His instinct dictates wisely.

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'Jacob's latest,' he says, 'is splendid. I read it on Sunday.' Not, of course, that he has any need to read a story to know that it is splendid; that would be too mechanical. He knows because he possesses the sixth sense with which successful handlers of books are gifted. 'What's new?' he replies, 'well, here's something good. Take that. You can't go wrong.' Or, when in a dissuading mood (and nowadays librarians have to dissuade as much as recommend, poor doomed varmint), 'That one? Oh! I don't think she would like that. That's a little bit—well, it's strong, that's what it is. I don't recommend that. But here's a charming story by the author of *Milk and Water*. . . .' And so forth.

What some simple country people would do without their bookstall man I can't imagine. Take Peter, for instance. Peter was the friend of three old ladies who lived in a southern seaport—a sleepy forgotten town with quiet, narrow, Georgian streets and vast stretches of mud in its harbour which the evening sun turned to gold. These three old ladies—sisters and unmarried—lived together in a tiny red-brick house where their several personalities dovetailed perfectly, different as they were. One was the practical managing sister, one was the humorous commentator, and one was the kindly dreamer. All were generous and philanthropic; indeed their benefactions of thought and deed were the principal business of their placid lives, while the principal recreation was reading. And herein lay the value of Peter, the bookstall man, for it was through his library that all their books came to them. He too divined the character of the books that he circulated by the mere process of touch; and he was rarely wrong. He knew to a grain exactly what was to be found in every book he recommended or did not recommend to these old ladies. In so far as his recommendations went, Peter was always

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right; and probably his dissuasions were rightly based too, although that of course we shall never know, since his advice was duly taken.

But it is no light matter, is it, to pick out suitable stories for three old-fashioned old ladies with very decided views as to what is fitting and nice, and what not, when the books (and here is the real difficulty) were to be read aloud? For this meant of course that the three personalities had to be taken into consideration. Each book had to please, or at any rate not offend, an old lady who was of a practical managing turn, and an old lady who was herself a bit of a quiz (as all good novelists must be), and an old lady who had Utopian dreams.

Peter, you see, must have been rather remarkable. 'No,' he would say, 'I don't think Miss Dorcas would like that . . . the gambling passages . . . I'd recommend this if it weren't for Miss Kate. But she'd never like the divorce proceedings. . . .' And so on.

Reading aloud was to these old ladies a kind of ritual. They looked forward to it all day, and then as each chapter was finished they discussed it and approved or disapproved. When it comes to analysing the pleasures of life, the privilege of approving and disapproving in conversation must be ranked very high, and reading aloud makes it so very harmless an amusement, since no tale-bearing is involved. This they did, and not only during the reading, but at meals too, and often they would come down to breakfast after a rather wakeful night with new theories as to the conduct of hero or heroine. Happy Peter, to set so much gentle machinery in motion!

Of course, he was not able always to satisfy their programme. Sometimes for weeks and weeks together no new books (not only fiction, of course: memoirs and travels they were very fond of) would

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be published; but when he really struck gold how happy they all were. I remember that I found them once—it was thirteen years ago—in a state of joyful excitement over one of Peter's most inspired suggestions—Miss Jewett's *Country of the Pointed Firs*. Never could three old ladies of simple tastes and warm hearts have been more delighted with a printed page. I wished Peter could have seen them.

Is he still acting as friend to that little town, I wonder. He was so capable that probably he has been promoted to a wider sphere. For that is what happens to these friends of the small town: they are raised to positions of more importance and better salaries, and the chances are that the old personal intimacy goes altogether. They may, for example, be elevated to the place of manager at, say, London Bridge. Then is all their kindness and thoughtfulness over: they become machines: very targets for pennies and half-pennies all day long, with no time for the humaner intercourse.

Well, the price of getting on has always been heavy; but here it is paid not only by the friend, but by the small town too. It is hard when nice old ladies are also penalized.

—*Old Lamps for New.*

THE LAST EXPEDITION

(CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT)

Saturday, March 3.—Lunch. We picked up the track again yesterday, finding ourselves to the eastward. Did close on 10 miles and things looked a trifle better; but this morning the outlook is blacker than ever. Started well and with good breeze; for an hour made good headway; then the surface grew awful beyond words. The wind drew forward; every circumstance was against us. After $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours things so bad that we camped, having covered $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. (R. 46.) One cannot consider this a fault of our own—certainly we were pulling hard this morning—it was more than three parts surface which held us back—the wind at strongest, powerless to move the sledge. When the light is good it is easy to see the reason. The surface, lately a very good hard one, is coated with a thin layer of woolly crystals, formed by radiation no doubt. These are too firmly fixed to be removed by the wind and cause impossible friction on the runners. God help us, we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess. Pulling on foot gear in the morning is getting slower and slower, therefore every day more dangerous.

Sunday, March 4.

One has little to hope for except perhaps strong dry wind—an unlikely contingency at this time of

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year. Under the immediate surface crystals is a hard sastrugi surface, which must have been excellent for pulling a week or two ago. We are about 42 miles from the next depôt and have a week's food, but only about 3 to 4 days' fuel—we are as economical of the latter as one can possibly be, and we cannot afford to save food and pull as we are pulling. We are in a very tight place indeed, but none of us despondent *yet*, or at least we preserve every semblance of good cheer, but one's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead at some sastrugi behind which the surface sand lies thickly heaped. For the moment the temperature is on the -20° —an improvement which makes us much more comfortable, but a colder snap is bound to come again soon. I fear that Oates at least will weather such an event very poorly. Providence to our aid! We can expect little from man now except the possibility of extra food at the next depôt. It will be real bad if we get there and find the same shortage of oil. Shall we get there? Such a short distance it would have appeared to us on the summit! I don't know what I should do if Wilson and Bowers weren't so determinedly cheerful over things.

Monday, March 5.—Lunch. Regret to say going from bad to worse. We got a slant of wind yesterday afternoon, and going on 5 hours we converted our wretched morning run of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles into something over 9. We went to bed on a cup of cocoa and pemmican solid with the chill off. (R. 47.) The result is telling on all, but mainly on Oates, whose feet are in a wretched condition. One swelled up tremendously last night and he is very lame this morning. We started march on tea and pemmican as last night—we pretend to prefer the pemmican this way. Marched for 5 hours this morning over a slightly better surface covered with high moundy sastrugi. Sledge capsized twice; we pulled on foot, covering about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. We are two pony marches

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and 4 miles about from our depôt. Our fuel dreadfully low and the poor Soldier nearly done. It is pathetic enough because we can do nothing for him; more hot food might do a little, but only a little, I fear. We none of us expected these terribly low temperatures, and of the rest of us Wilson is feeling them most; mainly, I fear, from his self-sacrificing devotion in doctoring Oates' feet. We cannot help each other, each has enough to do to take care of himself. We get cold on the march when the trudging is heavy, and the wind pierces our warm garments. The others, all of them, are unendingly cheerful when in the tent. We mean to see the game through with a proper spirit, but it's tough work to be pulling harder than we ever pulled in our lives for long hours, and to feel that the progress is so slow. One can only say 'God help us!' and plod on our weary way, cold and very miserable, though outwardly cheerful. We talk of all sorts of subjects in the tent, not much of food now, since we decided to take the risk of running a full ration. We simply couldn't go hungry at this time.

. *Tuesday, March 6.*—Lunch. We did a little better with help of wind yesterday afternoon, finishing $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the day, and 27 miles from depôt. (R. 48.) But this morning things have been awful. It was warm in the night and for the first time during the journey I overslept myself by more than an hour; then we were slow with foot gear; then, pulling with all our might (for our lives), we could scarcely advance at rate of a mile an hour; then it grew thick and three times we had to get out of harness to search for tracks. The result is something less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the forenoon. The sun is shining now and the wind gone. Poor Oates is unable to pull, sits on the sledge when we are track-searching—he is wonderfully plucky, as his feet must be giving him great pain.

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He makes no complaint, but his spirits only come up in spurts now, and he grows more silent in the tent. We are making a spirit lamp to try and replace the primus when our oil is exhausted. It will be a very poor substitute and we've not got much spirit. If we could have kept up our 9-mile days we might have got within reasonable distance of the depôt before running out, but nothing but a strong wind and good surface can help us now, and though we had quite a good breeze this morning, the sledge came as heavy as lead. If we were all fit I should have hopes of getting through, but the poor Soldier has become a terrible hindrance, though he does his utmost and suffers much I fear.

Wednesday, March 7.—A little worse I fear. One of Oates' feet *very* bad this morning; he is wonderfully brave. We still talk of what we will do together at home.

One feels that for poor Oates the crisis is near, but none of us are improving, though we are wonderfully fit considering the really excessive work we are doing. We are only kept going by good food. No wind this morning till a chill northerly air came ahead. Sun bright and cairns showing up well. I should like to keep the track to the end.

Thursday, March 8.—Lunch. Worse and worse in morning; poor Oates' left foot can never last out, and time over foot gear something awful. Have to wait in night foot gear for nearly an hour before I start changing, and then am generally first to be ready. Wilson's feet giving trouble now, but this mainly because he gives so much help to others. We did $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles this morning and are now $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the depôt—a ridiculously small distance to feel in difficulties, yet on this surface we know we cannot equal half our old marches, and that for that effort we expend nearly double the energy. The great question is, What shall we find at the depôt? If the

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dogs have visited it we may get along a good distance, but if there is another short allowance of fuel, God help us indeed. We are in a very bad way, I fear, in any case.

Saturday, March 10.—Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has gone. Apart from this, if he went under now, I doubt whether we could get through. With great care we might have a dog's chance, but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to manage. At the same time of course poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast, when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at lunch. Poor chap! it is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Sunday, March 11.—Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could.

Wednesday, March 14.

It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like to-morrow. It is only with greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17.—Lost track of

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dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

Sunday, March 18.
My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These

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are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretend to be—I don't know! We have the last *half* fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19

We are $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the depôt and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from N. to N.W. and -40° temp. to-day.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got within 11 miles of depôt Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depôt for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—to-morrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depôt with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had

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fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depôt *11 miles* away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. SCOTT.

For God's sake look after our people.

NOTES

THE CONVALESCENT

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) is one of the most delightful of our essayists, achieving remarkable effects of style by unaffected naturalness, a quaint sense of humour and a happy ease of expression. His *Essays of Elia* have very deservedly enjoyed universal popularity among students of English literature.

PAGE 1, l. 24. *Tergiversation*: a metaphorical way of referring to changing sides, used here in the literal sense.

l. 25. *Mare Clausum*: 'closed-sea', the portion of the sea regarded as belonging to the adjoining country.

l. 29. *Two Tables of the law*: from the tables (tablets) of Law given to the prophet Moses by the Lord (see *Exodus*, chapter xxxi).

PAGE 5, l. 3. *Lernean pangs*: pains caused by the poison used by Hercules for tipping the arrows with which he killed the Hydra on the Lernean marshes. Philoctetes, who accidentally trod on one of them, was badly hurt and endured great agony.

l. 23. *What a speck is he dwindled into!* This quotation has not yet been identified.

l. 27. *In Articulo Mortis*: at the point of death.

l. 37. *Hypochondriac flatul*: distension in the stomach, resulting in general melancholy and depression of spirits.

PAGE 6, l. 3. *Tityus*: a huge giant who extended in size over nine acres.

THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

THIS extract is from *The Indian Jugglers* of William Hazlitt's (1778-1830) *Table Talk*. Hazlitt was an accomplished essayist and critic.

FROM PLUTARCH'S CAESAR

THIS extract is from the famous *Parallel Lives* of Plutarch, the great classical writer who lived about the second century of the Christian era. The translation is by Dr. R. W. Livingstone. Plutarch's great merit as a biographer consists in the combination of admiration with criticism in the treatment of his subjects. Shakespeare's Roman plays are based

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on the *Parallel Lives* of Plutarch. Compare this passage with the corresponding scenes in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

PAGE 11, l. 7. *Pharsalia*: near the town of Pharsalus in Thessaly, where Caesar defeated Pompey on the 12th May, 48 B.C.

PAGE 12, l. 6. *Strabo*: the author of a famous classical geography in 17 books, who was a contemporary of Augustus.

PAGE 13, l. 19. *Non-dies*: not a day for work.

PAGE 14, l. 12. *Epicurus*: a celebrated philosopher of Attica, who lived in the third century before Christ. He taught that the happiness of mankind consisted in pleasure, not such as arises from sensual gratification or from vice, but from the enjoyments of the mind and the sweets of virtue. His followers degraded his philosophy into a creed of mere sensual enjoyment.

THE COUNTRY

THIS appreciation of the country is by Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), who had an important influence on his generation of men of letters in England. He is a careful and accomplished essayist, and at the same time more personal and emotional than many of his contemporary essayists. It has been pointed out that 'the country' he has in mind is just outside London, in fact, the suburbs.

WORDSWORTH'S HOUSEHOLD

THIS charming picture of the household of the great English poet, William Wordsworth, is from the *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets*, by Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859). De Quincey is one of the most powerful and dignified of English writers. He is also capable, at the same time, of writing a homely familiar sketch like this.

PAGE 19, l. 8. *Charlemagne*: Charles the Great (A.D. 742-814), the great Emperor of the West in Europe, the hero of many romances of chivalry.

l. 9. *Caesar*: the Roman Dictator (100-44 B.C.). See an account of his death from Plutarch, found elsewhere in this volume.

l. 22. *Nomenclator*: one whose duty it is to announce the names.

PAGE 20, l. 37. *Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson*: Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846), who worked all his life for the abolition of slavery.

PAGE 21, l. 14. *Blue-stocking loquacity*: the talkativeness of pedantic women, proud of their book-learning. The expression 'Blue-stocking' arose in Dr. Johnson's time from a

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club of literary women, a prominent member of which always wore blue stockings.

1. 17. *She was a phantom of delight*: see Wordsworth's Poems. The lines which follow immediately are:

A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

See other lines quoted later in the essay.

PAGE 23, l. 2. *Charles Lamb*: see note elsewhere in this volume. Lamb's stammering was an expression of his constitutional nervousness.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was never tired of preaching the gospel, *Work is Worship*. As the author of *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *Past and Present* and *The French Revolution*, Carlyle's name will live for ever in the history of English literature. His moral purpose and emotional fervour elevate his picturesque style to a high level of inspiration.

THE HOLLY TREE

It has been said that 'the power of Dickens is shown even in the scraps of Dickens', and the *Christmas Stories*, from which this fragment is taken, forms an admirable illustration. Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was one of the greatest novelists of the Victorian era in England, his *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and *David Copperfield* being among his well-known classics.

PAGE 31, l. 30. *Auld Lang Syne*: Scotch for 'olden time' or 'days of other years', an old song re-written by Burns, the first stanza of which runs:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne ?

PAGE 35, l. 22. *Gretna Green*: a village in Dumfriesshire, on the Scotch border, the scene of many run-away marriages, of couples who sought the benefit of the simpler marriage-law of Scotland.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

THIS famous passage is from Macaulay's (1800-1859) essay on Warren Hastings. Macaulay's great powers of graphic description are seen to their fullest extent in this narrative of an event of great interest to students of Indian as of British history. In spite of some of his mannerisms and artificialities of sentence-construction, Macaulay must be looked upon as one of the greatest of English prose-writers.

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His *History of England* and his *Essays* are among his famous works.

PAGE 37, l. 2. *Rufus*: William¹ Rufus, William II. King of England (1087-1100) son of William the Conqueror.

l. 5. *Bacon*: Lord Bacon, the English essayist (1561-1626). He was accused of corruption as a judge, fined £40,000 and also condemned to imprisonment.

Somers: John Somers (1651-1716), the Whig statesman, who was impeached in 1701.

l. 6. *Strafford*: Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593-1641), whose impeachment was dropped and who was later executed under a Bill of Attainder.

l. 8. *Charles*: Charles I (1600-1649), the King of England, whose trial and condemnation took place in this hall.

PAGE 38, l. 2. *Siddons*: Sarah Siddons, the great English tragic actress (1755-1831).

l. 4. *The Historian of the Roman Empire*: Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

l. 5. *Cicero . . . Verres*: Verres, a Roman governor of Sicily, was accused before the Senate by Cicero of misgovernment of the island.

l. 8. *Tacitus*: Roman historian and statesman (55-117).

Oppressor of Africa: Marius Priscus, a Roman pro-consul.

l. 11. *Reynolds*: Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the great English painter, and the first President of the Royal Academy.

l. 14. *Parr*: Samuel Parr (1747-1825), English scholar and a distinguished school-master.

l. 20. *To whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith*: Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Catholic lady of great beauty, with whom George IV went through a ceremony of marriage in secret.

l. 23. *Saint Cecilia*: the patron-saint of Music. The reference here is to l. 28, Mrs. Montagu (1720-1800), the lady who founded the 'Blue-stockings Club'.

PAGE 39, l. 11. *Mens æqua in arduis*: a mind calm in difficulties.

PAGE 40, ll. 4-5. *Fox and Sheridan*: the former (1749-1806) was an eminent statesman, while the latter (1751-1816) won great reputation as a dramatist and orator.

ll. 5-6. *Demosthenes and Hyperides*: famous Greek orators.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS

AN eloquent writer and a great master of style, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890) is well known as the author of the *Idea of a University*, *Historical Sketches* and other books.

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PAGE 43, l. 27. *Cimon*: 'an Athenian commander in the Persian war, who lived in the fifth century B.C.

PAGE 44, l. 25. *Pericles*: the great Athenian statesman, one of whose orations is reproduced elsewhere in this volume.

l. 30. *Phidias*: the Greek artist who designed the Parthenon in Athens.

..*Anaxagoras*: tutor to Socrates, Euripides and Pericles.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROADS

'WHAT English the fellow could write!' says Conan Doyle of George Borrow in *Through the Magic Door*. 'What an organ-roll he could get into his sentences! How nervous and vital and vivid it all is! There is music in every line of it if you have been blessed with an ear for the music of prose.' George Borrow (1803-1881) was the author of *Lavengro*, *The Bible in Spain*, *Romany Rye* and *Wild Wales*. A fine sense of humour, a keen love of nature and outdoor life, and perennial vitality are among the features of his work. His humorous account of this Adventure on the Roads explains itself.

THE PYRAMIDS

ALEXANDER KINGLAKE (1809-1891) is remembered mainly for his *History of the Invasion of the Crimea* in eight volumes, and the book of travel, *Exothen* ('from the East'), from which this chapter on the Pyramids is taken. *Exothen* has been called 'one of the most brilliant and popular books of Eastern travel'

SCIENCE

THIS appreciation of Science is the ninth chapter of the *Pleasures of Life*, by Lord Avebury, perhaps more well-known as Sir John Lubbock (1834-1913), author also of the *Beauties of Nature* and the *Use of Life*. The substance of this piece constituted an address delivered by the writer at Birmingham.

PAGE 59, l. 1. *There are things . . . diffuse*: the quotation is from Byron.

l. 6. *Mackay*: Charles Mackay, LL.D. (1814-1889), journalist and poet, author of *Forty Years*, *Recollections* and *Through the Long Day*.

l. 24. *Socrates*: a famous Greek philosopher, who lived in the fifth century before Christ.

l. 33. *Ruskin*: John Ruskin (1819-1900), an art-critic and one of the greatest writers of English prose. See his essay on *The Beautiful*, elsewhere in this volume.

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PAGE 60, l. 18. *Prudhomme*: Sully Prudhomme, Nobel Prizeman in 1901.

l. 19. *Arthur O'Shaughnessy*: Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy, an Irish poet (1844-1881). One of his most well-known poetical compositions is the *Song* beginning with the lines-

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams,
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

l. 32. *Ernest Rhys*: literary critic and miscellaneous writer, born in 1859, author, as students in India will be interested in knowing, of a life of Rabindranath Tagore.

PAGE 61, l. 5. *Lord Chesterfield*: English nobleman and writer of the eighteenth century (1694-1773), author of the well-known *Letters to His Son*.

ll. 6-7. *Minerva . . . Venus*: according to mythology, there were three sister Graces, Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne, bosom friends of the Muses. Venus is the goddess of Beauty and Love, while Minerva or Athene is the goddess of Wisdom.

l. 26. *Emerson*: Ralph Waldo Emerson, a well-known American writer (1803-1882).

PAGE 63, l. 35. '*We sound upon the strings of nature*' a quotation from Emerson.

PAGE 64, ll. 2-5. '*To that cathedral . . . its dome the sky*': a quotation from Henry Smith (1865-1906), author of *Curiosities of Nature and Art*.

l. 23. *Nasmyth*: James Nasmyth (1808-1890), the inventor of the steam-hammer and the author of an autobiography edited by Samuel Smiles.

PAGE 65, l. 13. *Helps*: Sir Arthur Helps (1813-1875), English essayist, author of *Friends in Council* and *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*.

l. 22. *Huxley*: Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895), an eminent English biologist.

PAGE 66, l. 17. '*I have elsewhere endeavoured to show . . .*' in his book on the *Origin of Civilisation*.

l. 25. *Canon Fremantle*: the late Rev. William Henry Fremantle (1831-1916), Canon of Canterbury from 1882-1895.

l. 35. *Sir Frederick Bramwell* (1818-1903): Engineer and President of the British Association.

PAGE 67, l. 17. *Sir John Herschel*: Sir John Frederick William Herschel (1792-1871), son of Sir William Herschel, the famous astronomer, and the author of a number of papers on scientific subjects.

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PAGE 67, l. 27. *Glauber*: John Rudolf Glauber (1603-1668), alchemist and physician, the discoverer of hydrochloric acid.

PAGE 68, l. 24. *Locke*: John Locke, the English philosopher (1632-1704).

l. 31. *Boyle*: Robert Boyle, a physicist of the seventeenth century (1627-1691), who has sometimes been termed the precursor of the modern chemist.

PAGE 69, l. 15. *The great gift which Minerva offered to Paris*: the incident happened on Mount Ida, where Paris, though of royal birth, was brought up as the son of a shepherd. See Tennyson's *Enone*.

l. 25. *John Quincy Adams*: one of the Presidents of the United States of America.

l. 37. *Levite*: from the tribe of Levi, which provided assistants to priests in Jewish temples.

PAGE 70, l. 2. *Laelius and Scipio*: the former was a Roman consul who accompanied the latter, Scipio Africanus (the elder), on his campaigns in Africa.

l. 3. *Cicero, Demosthenes, and Burke*: three of the most famous orators of the world. The first belonged to Rome, the second to Greece, and the third to England.

l. 8. *Archdeacon Farrar*: Frederic William Farrar, more popularly known as Dean Farrar, a well-known theological writer (1831-1903), author of *The Life of Christ*, *The Life of St. Paul*, and the *Early Days of Christianity*, etc.

THE SPEECH OF PERICLES OVER THOSE FALLEN IN THE WAR

THIS famous oration, which is taken from the ancient Greek historian, Thucydides (460-400 B.C.), translated by Benjamin Jowett (1817-1893), was delivered by Pericles in honour of those who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian war. Pericles did more than any other statesman of Athens to beautify the city and to stimulate its literary and intellectual activities. He was thus pre-eminently fit to give expression to the highest ideals of Athens in the days of her glory—ideals worthy of reverence even to-day. The funeral oration was in accordance with an ancient Grecian custom, and can be read not only as a tribute to those who sacrifice themselves for their motherland, but also as an exposition of true citizenship.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

THE heroic episode dealt with here has formed the subject-matter of many a literary production, including Tennyson's *Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet*. James Anthony Froude (1818-1894) is a great master of the art of graphic narrative,

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like Macaulay. If his historical work is full of prejudices and sometimes even of mis-statements of facts, he has not many equals among the English Historians in the attractiveness of his style.

PAGE 80, l. 1. *In August, 1591*: this was three years after the Spanish Armada. Lord Howard was present at the Armada, but the Admiral in command at the time was another member of the same family, Lord Howard of Effingham.

l. 4. *Flores*: the westernmost island in the Azores.

l. 19. *Sir Richard Grenville* (1541-1591): a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh.

l. 23. *Earl Talbot*: Earl of Shrewsbury (1388-1453), who fought with great distinction in the French wars of Henry V and Henry VI.

PAGE 81, l. 3. *John Huighen von Linschoten*: Dutch voyager (1563-1611), who wrote an account of the last fight of the *Revenge*.

l. 32. *Sprang their luff*; a naval expression for answering the helm by bringing the hull of a vessel near the wind.

PAGE 85, l. 26. *Barrère*: A French politician who wrote a descriptive account of an engagement between the French and the English in 1724.

l. 27. *Vengeur*: one of the French ships which was engaged in combat with the English *Brunswick*.

PAGE 86, l. 3. *Samson*: the Israelite hero who pulled down the pillars of the temple of Dagon, killing himself and three thousand Philistines.

l. 5. *St. Michael's*: an island in the Azores.

THE BEAUTIFUL

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) is one of the greatest of English prose-writers, a fine appreciation of art and mastery of choice expression adding special interest to his writings. No English writer has done more to awaken interest in art among the English people than Ruskin. This extract is from the first volume of his *Modern Painters*.

AGRA AND THE TAJ

THIS extract is taken from Sir Edwin Arnold's *India Revisited*. Sir Edwin Arnold spent the best years of his life in India as a member of the Indian Educational Service and revisited the country after retirement, in 1886. Sir Edwin Arnold is known chiefly for his poem on Buddha, the *Light of Asia*, which has been translated into many languages. Sir Edwin's spelling of Indian names has been slightly modified in a few cases in accordance with that of the official *Indian Gazetteer*.

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PAGE 95, l. 16. *Kibitka*: a Tartar circular tent,
l. 25. *Fortalice*: an archaic word for a fortress, or a small outwork of fortification.

PAGE 96, l. 4. *Kiosk*: a light, open pavilion (from Turkish).

PAGE 98, l. 2. *Beñnier*: François Bernier (1654-1688), a Frenchman who was physician at the court of Aurangzeb and wrote an account of his travels in India.

DR. ZOO AND DR. SKINNER

THESE two amusing sketches, more or less imaginative, are from the *Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler (1835-1902), a very enjoyable writer, well-known as the author of *Erewhon*, a modern Utopia. His characteristic qualities of humour and irony can be studied even in these brief pieces.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER

THE special feature of the writings of W. H. Hudson (1841-1922) is his descriptive capacity, a tender human touch adding interest to the sketches, as in the present case. Samphire is an aromatic cliff-plant used in pickles.

PAGE 114, ll. 28-29. *Dimmer . . . ghost-like*: compare the description of a samphire-gatherer in a classical passage in Shakespeare's *King Lear*:

Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head

QUEEN VICTORIA

THIS tribute to Her Majesty Queen Victoria (1819-1901) will be read with much interest in India, where the memory of that good queen is still cherished with great affection. The passage is from an address delivered in the House of Commons soon after Her Majesty's death. The Rt. Hon. Earl Balfour (born 1848), besides being a statesman and orator of considerable eminence, is one of the most thoughtful of our living writers.

GOLCONDA

PIERRE LOTI, the pen-name of a French writer, Louis-Marie-Julien Viaud (1850-1923), author of charming volumes of travel and description, besides being a novelist. This extract is from his book on India, *L'Inde* (Sans les Anglais). Well-known for its tombs and (at one time) for its diamonds, Golconda was the capital of a Mohamedan kingdom in the

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Deccan, ruled by the Kutb Shahis. Aurangzeb took the city in 1656. The city fell into ruins when the capital was removed to Hyderabad, in its neighbourhood.

EL DORADO

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S (1850-1894) *El Dorado* is typical of his easy and delightful style. El Dorado is the fabled land in South America, full of wealth and plenty. The legend arose out of the accounts of gold supposed to have been seen in large quantities in America by travellers in the earlier centuries.

PAGE 127, l. 25. *Carlyle*: see note elsewhere in this volume.

l. 27. *Frederick the Great* (1712-1786): King of Prussia.

ll. 33-34. *It was with a 'sober melancholy' . . . labours*: The reference is to the following passage in Gibbon's *Autobiography*:

'After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *herceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.'

PAGE 128, l. 23. '*Of making books there is no end*': more correctly, 'of making many books there is no end', from the Bible, *Ecclesiastes*, the words which follow being, 'and much study is a weariness of the flesh'.

THE DEDICATED LIFE

THIS is an extract from an Address delivered to the students of the University of Edinburgh in 1907. Viscount Haldane (born 1856) is one of our most cultured and thoughtful statesmen, his address being distinguished by high intellectual and moral ideals.

PAGE 130, l. 14. *Socrates*: the well-known Greek philosopher, master of Plato, who lived about the fifth century B.C.
Spinoza: Benedict de Spinoza (1632-1677), Dutch philosopher.

l. 15. *Newton*: Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), English mathematician and scientist, discoverer of the Law of Gravitation.

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1. 16. *Cromwell*: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658), Lord Protector of England.

PAGE 135, l. 1. *Washington* (1732-1799): the great American leader, first President of the United States of America.

PAGE 136, l. 16. *Lessing*: German writer and critic (1729-1781), author of the *Laocoon*.

PAGE 137, l. 5. *Browning's Grammarian*: the hero of the *Grammarian's Funeral*, by Robert Browning (1812-1889). The Grammarian's love of learning was so great that he dedicated his entire life to it and pursued it even when disease and old age attacked him.

MY BOOKS

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING (1857-1903) was an English novelist and essayist. This is from his *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*.

PAGE 138, l. 2. *Lamb's 'ragged veterans'*: old, well-used books were called 'ragged veterans' by Charles Lamb (1775-1834), English essayist, author of *The Essays of Elia*.

ll. 26-27. *My Gibbon . . . Milman edition: The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), the English historian, edited by Dean Milman, scholar and historian (1791-1868).

PAGE 139, l. 14. *The Globe volume*: the 'Globe' edition of Shakespeare, published by Macmillan & Co.

l. 29. *Heyne's Tibullus*: edition of Albius Tibullus (54-19 B.C.), the Roman poet, by Christian Gothlob Heyne (1729-1812).

PAGE 140, ll. 16-17. *An tacitum . . . est*: a quotation from Horace (Epistles V-4) occurring in the course of a tribute paid to the poet, who is imagined as 'sauntering silent amid healthy woods, musing whatever is worthy of one that is wise and good'.

l. 35. *Jung-Stilling*: Johann Heinrich Jung (1740-1817), German Professor of Political Economy and writer of romances, the author of a charming autobiography, which is the volume referred to here.

l. 37. *Wahrheit und Dichtung*: poetry and truth, from the title of Goethe's autobiography, in which references are made to Jung-Stilling.

RAJGIR: ANCIENT BABYLON

RAJGIR, more well known in the ancient history of India as Rajagriha or Girivraja, is among the hills of the Gaya District in Bihar. It was the first capital of the Magadha Kingdom, founded about 600 B.C. by the Saisunaga dynasty

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of kings. The place is associated with many memories of Buddha, who preached there in his lifetime. Margaret Noble (1867-1911) was a member of the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Mission in India and was the author of the *Footfalls of Indian History, Cradle Tales of Hinduism* and the *Web of Indian Life*.

PAGE 144, ll. 16-17. *Semiramis in Nineveh of old*: Semiramis was the mythical founder of the ancient kingdom of Nineveh.

PAGE 146, l. 3. *Babylon . . . Sheba*: ancient kingdoms which played a powerful part before the days of Greece and Rome.

ll. 19-20. *He came . . . pity*: Sir Edwin Arnold describes the coming of Buddha into Rajagriha in the following words, in his *Light of Asia*:

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw
Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
The market-people drew their wains aside,
In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face,
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
Ran o'er the *lota* while the milkers watched
The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.

l. 34. *Child Dhruva*: a little boy in Hindu mythology who realised God by penance and was transformed into a star.

PAGE 147, ll. 36-37. *Ambapali . . . Mary Magdalene*: Ambapali, a courtesan, received grace at the hands of Buddha, who was touched by her devotion, even as Mary Magdalene in the Bible was treated with kindness by Jesus Christ, when she came to Him full of real repentance.

PAGE 148, l. 24. *Fa Hiam: Fa Hien*, a famous Chinese traveller, who came to India as a Buddhist pilgrim and wrote an account of his travels.

l. 34. *Venetian Plaza de San Marco*: the famous St. Mark's Square of Venice.

l. 37. *Suttas: Sutta* is the Pali word for *Sutra*, and the reference is to one of the three philosophical treatises called the *Suttas*.

PAGE 149, l. 4. *St. Paul's*: St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

l. 34. *Pompeii and Herculaneum*: ancient Italian cities near Naples, destroyed by the volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

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PAGE 151, l. 2. *Fergusson*: Dr. James Fergusson (1808-1886), originally an indigo-planter in India, who has written an excellent account of Indian architecture.

PAGE 153, ll. 7-8. *Bimbisara . . . a father's murder*: Ajatasatru killed his father and came to the throne about 554 B.C.

WAR

THIS powerful indictment of war is by Dr. George Santayana (born 1863), a living English writer of Spanish parentage, who was for many years Professor of Philosophy at the University of Harvard, and is now settled in England. Dr. Santayana is a very thoughtful writer, many of his books being on professedly philosophical subjects.

ON THE RULE OF THE ROAD

'ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH' is the pen-name of a well-known living English writer, Mr. A. G. Gardiner (born 1865), who was for some time editor of the *Daily News*.

PAGE 158, l. 1. *Mr. Arthur Ransome*: English journalist and miscellaneous writer, author of books on Edgar Allan Poe, Oscar Wilde, etc.

PAGE 159, l. 27. *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*: American poetess (1855-1919).

PAGE 160, l. 11. *Swot*: school-slang for 'working hard at books'.

l. 18. *Tristram Shandy*: a novel by Laurence Sterne.

Treasure Island: a novel by Robert Louis Stevenson.

l. 25. *Horne Tooke*: English clergyman and writer (1736-1812).

l. 37. *Asquith*: Lord Oxford (1852-1928), English statesman and writer. Leader of the Liberal party for many years.

PAGE 162, l. 4. *Nietzsche*: Friedrich Wilhelm (1844-1900), German philosopher, the propounder of a revolutionary philosophy of the 'superman'.

PAGE 163, l. 8. *Sancho Panza*: the squire of Don Quixote in the famous romance of Cervantes.

l. 17. *Marxist*: a follower of the famous socialist, Karl Marx (1818-1883).

l. 17. *Tolstoyan*: a follower of Count Leo Tolstoy, the famous Russian writer and philosopher (1828-1910).

A FRIEND OF THE TOWN

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS (born 1868) is one of the most prolific of living English writers, and is the author of a large number of volumes of essays and novels.

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PAGE 165, l. 17. *Contents bill*: the notice exhibiting the sensational news in the daily paper.

PAGE 166, l. 1. *Jacob's latest*: the latest book of W. W. Jacobs (1863-1922), a well-known story-writer.

l. 10. *Varmints*: a colloquial form for vermin.

PAGE 168, l. 5. *Miss Jewett*: an American novelist.

l. 16. *London Bridge*: the railway station at London Bridge.

THE LAST EXPEDITION

THESE are the last pages of the personal journal kept by Captain R. F. Scott, R. N., when he conducted an expedition to the South Pole for purposes of exploration. It reads like an epic-fragment, and has few parallels among the stirring deeds of modern heroism. Captain Robert Falcon Scott was born in 1868 and rose to be a naval officer, entrusted with the command of the British Antarctic Expedition in 1910, and died in March, 1912, as told in these pages. In a preface to his *Last Expedition*, Sir Clements Markham writes:

'The principal aim of this great man—for he rightly has his niche among the Polar *Dii Majores*—was the advancement of knowledge. From all aspects Scott was among the most remarkable men of our time, and the vast number of readers of his journal will be deeply impressed with the beauty of his character. The chief traits which shown forth through his life were conspicuous in the hour of death. There are few events in history to be compared, for grandeur and pathos, with the last closing scene in that silent wilderness of snow. The great leader, with the bodies of his dearest friends beside him, wrote and wrote until the pencil dropped from his dying grasp. There was no thought of himself, only the earnest desire to give comfort and consolation to others in their sorrow. His very last lines were written lest he who induced him to enter upon Antarctic work should now feel regret for what he had done.'

